

DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

Issue 17

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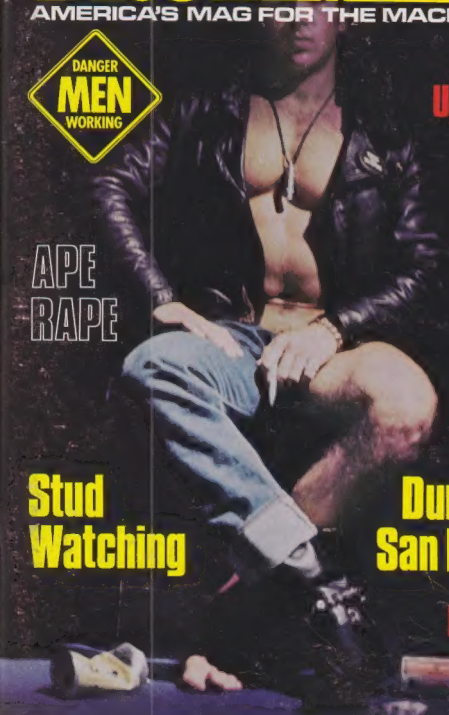
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DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

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Getting Off

It is finally official. NEWSWEST, recently renamed OUT! is out of business.

What does that have to do with DRUMMER? Nothing, really, other than we started at the same time that the paper that became NEWSWEST started.

Back in 1975, the Advocate had changed hands and the new owner immediately threw out everyone who had built the paper, moved it to San Mateo and changed it to a magazine in newsprint. We were involved with the disenchanted Advocate staff in their efforts to restart a Gay newspaper in the nation's second largest market. Finally, being disillusioned with trying to work with a committee, we went our own way, moved into the plant that was acquired to house NEWSWEST and brought out the first issue of DRUMMER instead.

In the time that has passed, the committee killed itself off several times, the managing editor was purged, a new investor joined the infighting and the advertising department ran the paper. In spite of it all, Southern California had a news gathering media and NEWSWEST, though no great shakes, managed to get around the country. This was probably due to the lack of any other national gay news source.

NEWSWEST, unlike DRUMMER, was never in the black. When it looked like it might be, someone managed to kick it in the head or milk it a little faster. In fact, it was losing so badly that another major investor was brought in, coincidentally another bath-house operator, as was the first.

In the meantime, the infighting continued. Editors came and went, usually getting rid of the existing staff or being gotten rid of. We lost an art director and an advertising manager to their continuing turmoil.

Most recently there was another complete change of staff at NEWSWEST and an assistant was elevated to editorship with the promise of support for another six issues. The name was changed for better or worse, and the general appearance of the paper improved greatly. In the meantime, disgruntled former staff members worked actively against the paper with advertisers and contributors.

The promise of support wasn't kept by the investor, instead most of the people were paid off and the doors closed.

Los Angeles is back to bar throw-aways and drag ego-sheets. This is a time when communication is vital to tell the Gay Community's story as opposed to the news blackout of the L.A. Times and pathetic Herald-Examiner. Especially, in light of the newly increased ravings of state senator John "Cheapshot" Briggs, Crazy Ed Davis and, soon to be welcomed, Anita Bryant.

The Gay Community killed off its own. NEWSWEST was never very great, at best merely competent. But it was factual and necessary.

It will be missed, whatever its shortcomings.

DRUMMER 6

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

PRaise FROM AN FFA FAN

Some time ago I wrote a letter to you telling you about how it was the first time I had ever written to any publication, and also that I had gained a lot of my knowledge from your magazine. You printed my letter in your Halloween issue.

Well, anyway, here it is Issue 15 and my praise still goes out to you. I have just a few comments to make.

1) Your centerfold for Issue 15 is just great — hunk of a man!

2) Your article on piercing was also great — I can appreciate this because I'm also into the fine art of eropuncture.

3) In issue 3 or 4 you had a small 2-page article on FFA. Since then I haven't seen anything at all on fist fucking. How about printing a good article on fist fucking considering that it is one of the largest fetishes among gay leather types. I would even write a story for you. So how about giving all us FFA fans a good article.

As for your bar listings, I travel a lot and can be of some assistance in helping you there. In Los Angeles — all listings are fine except the Bunkhouse — any time I've ever gone in there it was old men or nothing.

In L.A./Valley — The Farmhouse is no more leather than Anita Bryant is gay! They have a crowd of EST graduates who are all real strange — can be very uncomfortable.

In San Diego — B. J.'s is old men and a neighborhood bar.

In San Francisco — The Lion Pub has all of 3 people on any given Saturday night. The Polk Gulch Saloon and Rainbow Cattle Co. are gay hippies. The Wild Goose are old men and Polk St. queens.

Well, thanks again for reading my letter and also for the great mag. I am looking forward to a reply about my FFA story.

Bill Van Velson
San Francisco, CA

PANTING AND BREATHLESS

Once again you leave me panting and breathless with balls aflutter and constantly hard. I can't get it down! It's your Volume 2/Number 14 issue with the hung-jock on the front cover, the pages of hard muscle, and stand-up stories inside. You rode me long and hard in that issue. Thank you, sir!

"S & M Gym" by G. B. Misa was right up my alley, and the pages burned as I read. I kept flipping the pages between Harry Bush's drawing on p. 14, the Roy Dean nudes, and Jim Stewart's "Men South of Market" to catch a glimpse of "Killer" McKenna. If it could only have been me under his muscle!

But deep within the story, there's a lesson. Between the strings of shooting cum and streams of golden piss, there's a

responsibility of all leathermen to take stock of their bodies. Men, get out and experience the pain/joy of serious body-building. You owe it to those who thirst for the real male. There is no substitute for rock-hard muscle! Pump those muscles instead of just your fist!

Lastly, may I make two suggestions: more S&M art. How about an article on Harry Bush's work with some of his more intense pieces shown. What a turn-on! Also, why not print pictures of men advertising in "The Leather Fraternity"? Those of us who need muscle to get it off need to know who to contact.

Keep up the good work. You've got the hardest, roughest, and best mag around.

Muscle Jock
Fargo, N. D.

P. S. I understand there's a new leather bar in Minneapolis called "The Rear Entry" on Hennepin Avenue. I didn't see it in your "Bar Scene" section and thought you'd like to know. How come there's nothing listed about Twin Cities' Bike Clubs and action?

THANKS FROM K.C.

On behalf of the members of the K.C. Falcons may I thank you for the great magazine. It is a refreshing look into the leather and western world.

We have noticed that the bar scene has the wrong listing for Kansas City. You show the Pit as the bar in Kansas City. The Pit has been closed for about two years and now is reopened under a new name and is a girls bar.

The bars serving the leather and western scene in Kansas City now are The Windjammer, the home of the Falcons, and The Round-Up. The Windjammer is located at 1822 Main, and the Round-Up is located at 12th and Jefferson. Both are located in Kansas City, MISSOURI.

Thanks again to you for the great magazine.

Jerry
K.C., Missouri

STIMULATED FAN

I am enclosing two checks: one for a copy of *The Best & Worst of Drummer* and one to begin my subscription.

I am separating the two because before I actually begin my subscription I need to be assured that the mailing of your publication involves some discretion. Although it was somewhat difficult to admit, I found my first reading of your magazine quite stimulating to say the least, and I would like to continue this enjoyment without any needless embarrassment or harassment. If therefore it is possible for you to confine your 'outrageous' mag to some sort of non-

descript mailing envelope, then I should like you to begin my subscription; if not please return my check... outrageous!

AL
Montclare, PA

FLENDERMAUS WRITES

I have been writing Gay S&M fiction under the pseudonym of Flendermaus for several years now. Most of my work has been published by Larry Townsend in his Treasury series. RFM has also published some of my work under the pen name Pipstrelle.

I am a charter subscriber to Drummer and have enjoyed seeing the magazine grow. I would like to be included among the authors who have their work featured.

Tony
Illinois

THE MILITIA MC CLUB

First I'd like to announce that the "Militia" Motorcycle Club of Norfolk, Virginia has come into existence. Right now we are only 10 strong, but considering that 3 weeks ago, a club had never really existed in this area, that isn't too bad. At present we are formulating plans for runs, beer bashes, etc. for the future, without first run to the D. C. Eagle to hang our colors (we'll write you when that date is firm.) If any of your readers have any suggestions of helpful items as to initiation ceremonies or run activities, we would greatly appreciate hearing from them. c/o Militia MC, P. O. Box 1842, Norfolk, VA 23501. Our officers are: John M., Commander; James P., Lt. Commander; George M., Lt., Mike M., Sgt. at Arms.

I'd like to tell you that the very first anti-Anita protest took place here in Norfolk where Anita, having defeated the Human Rights Law in Dade County, began her witch-hunt. While Anita was preaching hatred in the name of Christ in our municipal auditorium "Scope", 400 persons marched across from the building, while 200 more were inside. When she started talking about homosexuals, those inside quietly arose and walked out. Although ours is not a large city and the turnout was smaller than expected, Anita, by her own admission stated that this was the first time she had ever met with protest at her speeches.

John M.
Norfolk, VA

INTO INITIATION SCENES

I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine and to ask if you have any plans of publishing articles or stories about initiations. Whether they're of the more or less innocent kind that take place in college fraternities and the Navy, or the rougher sort that go on in some bike clubs and the Merchant Marine, they're always interesting, and I think a lot of your readers would enjoy descriptions of them. Perhaps you could do a series on initiations similar to the ones on famous sadists and the treatment of punishment and violence in the cinema, illustrating

the series with photographs, real or dramatized. Dave Kopay's brief remarks in his book and in the DRUMMER interview were only tantalizing, and some of us out here would like a little more. Come on, DRUMMER - what do you say?!

JN
Camden, N. J.

A JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT FAN

Enjoyed your "Best and Worst of Drummer," though I had hoped for more original material than it had.

I did want to mention one photo in particular, which to my knowledge has never been published anywhere before. It is the frontal nude photo of Jan-Michael Vincent taken from 1974's "Buster and Billie." Now I won't argue with your movie reviewer about the quality of Jan's recent films - most of them have been real stinkers. But Jan is still one of the hunkester dudes in Hollywood today and he still has a lot of fans in your audience. So how about doing all us Jan-Michael Vincent fans a favor and printing that same full nude photo on a full page in an upcoming issue? Better yet, how about a photo article on Jan's movie career? He's been in enough semi-nude scenes, including the scene in "Buster and Billie" where he climbs into bed with another guy wearing only jockey shorts, to fill a couple of pages. Maybe you've got the guts to do it right, unlike another magazine of recent memory that chickened out in its article on Jan.

Thanks again for the 'Best and Worst' and for all the regular issues. Keep up the good work.

D Pol
San Rafael, CA

Since I have been subscribing to your magazine and the leather fraternity, I have been receiving your fantastic magazine 4 to 5 weeks after it hits the newsstand. In fact, I usually receive my copy in the mail a week before the next issue appears on the street.

I realize your publication is the best there is, and I am always anxious to receive my next copy; so if this is usual, please let me know. If there is a problem, please look into it. Your magazine is too good to wait that long for.

STEVE

BARE FEET

Once again I'm lying back comfortably with a roaring hard-on having been turned on, and inspired, by yet another titillating issue of Fantasies and Fetishes that I can only find, with any consistency, in your fine magazine. I have only twice before in my entire life taken the time to write to a magazine, (I'd much rather draw than write, but I'm so excited by this new issue that I've done BOTH for you.)

The first letter I sent to a magazine was to BLUEBOY, (forgive me) congratulating them, and thanking them for that super hot photo lay-out with the foxy, hung, naked stud washing the sports car. DAMN!!! now that was sexy.

The second letter was also to BLUE-

BOY that day I saw their so-called S&M issue. S&M in this case meaning STUPID MISTAKE. I wrote and told them the truth. I will never as much as pick up a copy of their trash rag again as long as I shall live, and I haven't to this day. Wrote that you've been doing with style and taste for years, BLUEBOY tried giving a bad name in one sweep.

Now this my third irresistible urge to write and say how I feel as a devoted reader, is addressed to you, DRUMMER, the only magazine that hears my "different beat". I've got a FETISH as do most of your readers, mine is the feet, BARE FEET. Your western lay-out really turns me on, man, it really does. HOT DAMN!! Seeing that young fella's handsome masculine feet photographed behind that dressing room door set my balls a blazin'. I have even gone down to the store where it was shot and bought myself a pair of levi's and a couple of shirts, (first time I was in there a hunk had pulled off his boots which he wasn't wearing any socks with, so he was barefooted while he was trying on pants. Just like in your lay-out.) Now I plan to buy gifts for friends there for birthdays and stuff.

Please don't ignore my letter, I'm pretty sure it speaks for a whole block of your readers who hate to write like I do, but would like to know the same things. And keep up the good work 'cause your competition sure ain't.

Joe

SINCERE THANKS

My sincere thanks go to Robaire for his inspiring poem published in Malecall No. 15. I love it, because it expresses many of the things I feel toward my Master.

And thank you, Masters, for another great issue of Drummer!

MICHAEL
San Francisco

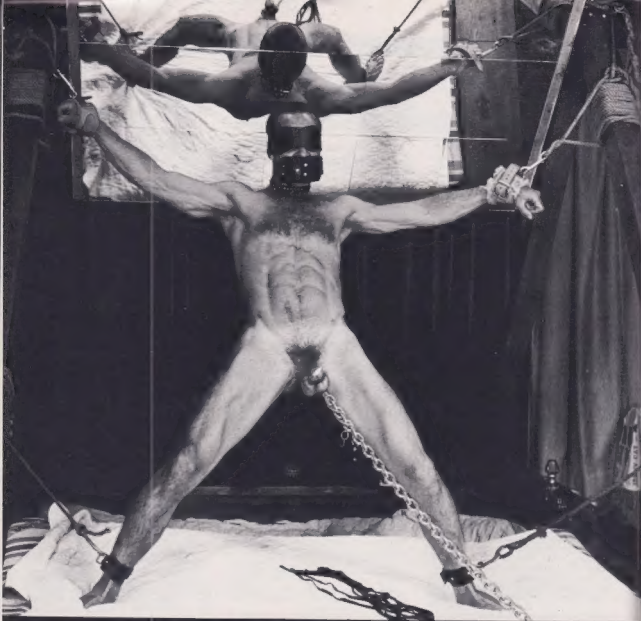
PUNISHMENT NEEDED

OK, maybe I'm going blind and/or dumb (too much shit in my eyes?) but I've read Issue No. 12 from Top to Bottom and cannot find out how much a subscription costs, let alone how to become a member of The Leather Fraternity.

Punish me if I missed it, but please, Sirs, give me what I need. I swear I'm over 21 and Macho.

Bill
New York

Simply send \$1 for a descriptive brochure and confidential application, then remit the \$34 balance with your completed questionnaire. Or send the entire \$35 annual membership fee, and we'll send your application. Membership benefits do not begin until the completed application has been received and processed at Leather Fraternity headquarters.



Famous Dungeons of San Francisco

Text by Joe Cook Photos by Gene Weber

These three photos were taken inside Mel and Gary's notorious Playroom. Top photo shows the diabolical "Frankenstein chair" ... complete with slave. The middle and bottom photos give two different views of their famous cage and how the enclosed victim is readily available for fun and games.

The concept is not new, of course. Private dungeons and torture chambers have probably existed since pre-Marquis de Sade time when the first guy got a throbbing hard-on from some aspect of bondage or torture. Civilization has marched on, however, and today almost anyone can set up their own playroom. The possibilities are boundless (no rotten pun intended), and depend only on your own creative ingenuity. Everything and anything — from simple restraints attached to the four corners of a bed to a complete and diabolically equipped basement or attic.

Here are four hot examples of San Francisco's better playroom set-ups to give you some idea of the limitless possibilities.

The internationally famous basement playroom of Mel and Gary has been the scene of some very heavy action. A couple of their more erotic exploits in this room have made it onto the pages of *Drummer*. Others, into the S/M scene, who have heard legendary tales about this playroom and its Master have weaved j/o fantasies about it.

The design is very functional, which is essential to the trip. Black walls with many mirrors. Toys meticulously arranged on the wall panel. An excellent sound system to provide just the right, trippy atmosphere. A system of lights, including a flashing strobe light, also contributes to the carnal mood. The floors are heavily carpeted to provide maximum privacy and performance. An adjacent bathroom provides a play area for more liquid entertainment.

Mel has used his creative imagination to devise a marvelous torture. It's suspended from the ceiling with attachments for the slave's tits or other body appendages. Such attachments as altered clothespins which can be clamped on to tits, are attached to ropes which are hung over two pulleys. Weights are then tied to the ropes ... and the nipples are then receptive to whatever excruciating games the Master might want to play.

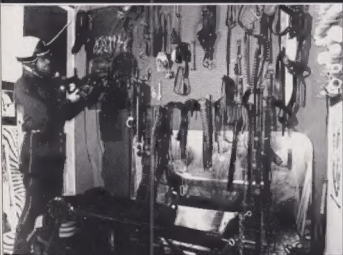
Body suspension in wide, various positions is also possible inside this room. A slave can be spread-eagled, hoisted, shackled, tied, and restrained in limitless variations. A different kind of trip, however is possible with Mel and Gary's cage which they demonstrate in these pictures. The cage is attached and hung by heavy chains from a winch on the ceiling, making the slave effectively captive and receptive for whatever cruel whim the Master might desire.

An even more diabolical instrument of restraint is the "Frankenstein" chair which Mel has created. Built of metal beams bolted together, there are restraint attachments at the neck, arms, wrists, legs and feet to securely fasten the slave in place. An attached dildo in the seat adds a further fillup to the experience.





These five photos offer a very private look at Ed's very complete gameroom south of the slot. It would be futile to try and explain all the many toys, devices, restraints and equipment in Ed's collection so we'll just let your hot imagination run rampant. Note the large dildo collection on the wall in the upper left photo.



Also famous is Ed's playroom, the scene of some outstanding trips. Again, mirrors and other visual stimulation help the trip along. Toys are arranged conveniently on pegboards, neat and easy to reach. Ceiling beams with chains and pulleys provide the means for a complete suspension.

A special feature of Ed's playroom is the large collection of dildoes Ed expertly uses in his anal scenes.

Unfortunately, these shots were taken just before Ed began dismantling his playroom, since he is moving on to other things. A special memorial plaque for the room might be in order, since (like Blackglama Furs) he and the room have become legends in their own time!





The top photo shows one end of Jack's mirrored playroom with his adjustable table. The rack of bottles to Jack's left contains hair shaved from hapless victims. The bottom two photos are of Jay's well equipped, imaginative playroom which he devised and crafted himself.



Say "Playroom!" to most straights and the image conjured up is invariably Pool Pong or Pinball. Among the S/M community however, the word conjures up other and infinitely more interesting images of bondage whipping, leather and bizarre toys that penetrate one's delicate orifices.

Playrooms are places where guys play alright, but play heavy macho games with each other. Places where men suspended sweating and straining are put through their paces by experienced practitioners as deftly as any accomplished cello player practices and plays his instrument.

Instruments of torture at one's fingertips. Images of misery and pleasure gleaming in mirrors. Marvelously constructed furnishings to fulfill a multitude of phantasies.



Jack's playroom has been the scene of some truly professional trips. This basement playroom with its exposed beams also features the standard mirrors and toys hanging on the walls.

A really hot feature of Jack's playroom however, is the table. Built at crotch-height and covered with leather, the two ends can be raised or lowered to fit the action.

In one corner of the room is another interesting feature — a crapper on a raised platform on which Jack can literally elevate enemies to an art.

And no friends, that is not a spice rack in the other corner. That is Jack's fairly extensive collection of hair shaved from his willing victims.

The fourth basic black and mirror furnished den of pain/pleasure belongs to Jay, and is the newest of the four.

Jay set this room up in about two weeks in a spare room in his apartment, somewhat on the model of Jack's. Jack is a talented leather-worker and has designed much of his toys and equipment himself.

His array of ball weights are arranged meticulously in ascending order. His other toys hang on the wall within easy reach.

These four playrooms illustrate some common features, but variations are infinite depending solely on your material and creative resources. We hope in future issues to present some of these creative variations.

GOODBYE TO THE EVERARD



A TRIBUTE BY A. JAY

It's a sad finale for the raunchy ol' bastard! World-famous Everard is no more! And it was indeed world-famous. The Everard was on everyone's gay list when they hit the Big Apple. All the horny guys from East Orange, New Jersey to East Brunswick, New Zealand made fast tracks to its door. One could almost always count on the sex there to be hot, fast and frantic inside its grubby claustrophobic cubicles, its dark dorm, its dungeon-like steamroom. There were naturally slow nights and bummer nights . . . but not too often! And Evie's . . . as

it was affectionately known to the loyal hardcore . . . had more than its share of unbelievable highs. One could almost always count on some super, four-star scenes at 28 West 28th if you made it there on (1) a rainy, warm week night, (2) a full moon . . . or (3) on a drizzly, gray Sunday afternoon. There were some class acts there . . . sweaty sadists, muscular masochists, beefy bodybuilders, cocky cowboys, tattooed truckers, balling bikers, macho Marines, horny hardhats, lewd lumberjacks, jaded jocks, wet wrestlers, sucking sailors, toilet trainers, sexy skinheads, plus the usual assortment of Marboronen, FFA officinados, leather/ uniform buffs, toy collectors and the like. Prime meat for every pot! Afternoons were hot too. In fact, Everard was a 24 hour sex circus! You paid your money and did your outrageous thing at any hour.

Everard almost always played to a packed house. On a busy night, there was a trick in getting a room that only the steadies knew about. First, let me explain that Everard invariably ran out of rooms early in the evening. Weekends and holidays were especially frantic. Rooms . . . especially on the third floor were at a premium. Any novice walking in and wanting a room in this prime time was told to wait in the small, adjoining coffee shop. You would be called. No numbers were assigned. Everyone was on the honor system to know who followed who when a gruff voice announced over the tiny intercom, "Room." But the faithful bypassed this indignity by lining up in a small hallway to the right of the check-in cage. These regulars were the privileged 'cause as soon as a room opened up, they got first crack. Of course, this preferential treatment cost \$2-\$3 over the room rate and went into the greedy pockets of the trolls that maned the check-in cage. The help were out front all unsmiling, straight, surly, and shift-eyed. They all looked like defrocked policemen. And naturally, those poor boobs in the coffee shop sometimes waited for hours to get upstairs. The locker line was another story . . .

But despite the hassle of getting a room, Everard had magic. No other tubs can really come close. A sex palace . . . raw, funky, grungy. The beauties and an occasional beast, all ashes now. Gone is their small coffee shop with the large array of munchies . . . the dank, heady smell of sex everywhere . . . the peeling walls of the medieval steamroom . . . the tiled pool for a plunge and a breather . . . the pool side TV that was always on . . . the hunky masseur and his oil 'massages' . . . the quick hand-jobs in the dark hotroom . . . the erotic sounds bounding out of the darkness from the rooms around you . . . the sleeping cat in the manager's office . . . Gone, but not forgotten. Goodbye, ol' buddy! You will be missed!

THE EVERARD FIRE

by George Birimisa

At seven o'clock on the morning of May 25th, flames gutted the oldest gay

steam baths in the United States, the Everard. Nine of our gay brothers were burned beyond recognition and seven more were hospitalized. As we go to press one of the victims is in critical condition. Fire officials emphasized after a week-long search of the charred rubble that they do not believe "any more bodies might be still in the three-story wreckage." Fire Commissioner John T. O'Hagan said, "Several of the known victims were unbelievably charred. In some cases it was difficult to recognize that we were even dealing with a human body."

A number of gays showed their feelings about the Everard holocaust by demonstrating at City Hall and calling attention to the 'fire trap' menace of the establishment. They demanded a thorough investigation. A young man who held hands with his male friend wanted to know why it took over an hour for the fire department to answer the frantic phone calls from the baths. "We want answers now, not excuses," he yelled. "We demand our civil rights as American citizens!"

However, this did not deter Mayor Beame and his defense of the status quo. Beame pointed out that the Everard Baths was not licensed as a hotel and maximum occupancy was for only twelve hours. Since the fire broke out in the early morning how would anyone know if the patrons had occupied their tiny cubicles for more than twelve hours? After all, how many patrons slept at the Baths? Anyway, the vast majority entered after the bars had shut their doors or even later considering the gay clubs that are usually open until dawn.

Mayor Beame implied that gays broke the law by sleeping in their filthy cubicles for more than twelve hours. *Somewhat he forgot to mention the incredible fact that if a new sprinkler system had been connected there would not have been any charred bodies on the morning of May 25th!*

The listed owner of the Everard Baths, one Irving Fine, 62, stated that he had complied with an August, 1976, order to install the sprinkler system but that he had until July of 1977 to connect it. If this sounds strange and unusual it is because it is strange and unusual.

A Columbia psychology student said, "I was walking my dog when I smelled smoke and heard screams. I ran around the corner and men were hanging naked from the second story ledge, falling to the pavement. Men were everywhere . . . running in all directions in towels and shorts. The smoke was black. Just then the first fire truck pulled up. It was a catastrophe!"

Let us start from the beginning. The building on 28th and Broadway was erected in 1890 by James Everard, an Irish brewing magnate. At the time it was in the center of the new growth of Manhattan that was quickly moving uptown from Allen and Delancey Streets. The Everard was a luxurious status symbol that appealed to the burgeoning upper middle class at the turn of the century who were growing fat on the money of J.P. Morgan and the Rockefeller. It's curleycue fake Roman archi-

ecture appealed to the nouveau riche and they flocked to the posh theaters and clubs of the midtown area surrounding the Everard Building. Prestige restaurants like Lechows and Delmonico were a stone's throw away.

The Everard made its transformation from the normal majority to a gay watering hole after the area became infested with cheap hotels and a red light district. This probably happened after the First World War. It seems that the respectable middle class had moved up town to 59th Street and Central Park.

The Everard Baths became the hub for a new breed of gay men. The gays knew that as long as they were within the new society confines of the Everard they need not fear the wrath of the law. At the Everard Baths gay men had a new experience. They were the normal majority even though the establishment was run by tough looking very taciturn straights.

"There'll never be another place like the Everard!" said a husky leather jacketed gay in his early thirties as he stared at the smoldering ruins. "I'm from upstate New York... Coming... out! I get down here once every couple of months! It's the best for me of action! No bullshit! The blacks the sex Puerto Ricans and the Italians! There wasn't an orgy room with flickering lights and a Musak like a lot of the modern places nothing but wild sex! There was always an orgy going on somewhere! It's a shame."

His 53 year old friend in a business suit could hardly wait to talk. "It was the place! It's where you went when you came into town."

When asked when was the last time he'd gone to the Everard he replied, "I just came down to have a look. Haven't been to the Everard in a couple of years but it was wonderful. I used to come here a lot in the fifties, before we had so many different places to go to. I guess things have really changed! It's a crime... burning down like this!"

The Everard Baths was the first gay baths in New York City and just possibly in the nation. Of course, one may wonder how the Baths have survived all these years without being shut down despite all the clean up campaigns from Mayor Fiorello La Guardia to Abraham Beame. There has been a persistent rumor that the owner was just a front and that the police department really owned the Everard Baths. Interestingly enough this same rumor surfaced in an article in one of the New York papers. Of course, it was identified as a rumor.

The baths at the Everard (whether gay or straight) have been in business for over 50 years. A license was granted in 1921 which allowed for a facility with "a pool, baths and dormitory. However, it is commonly assumed that the Everard was straight through the twenties, became mixed in the ear, thirties and turned gay just before World War Two. The short order cook refused to give his name but said, "I'm over sixty even though I don't look it and let me tell you this place was wild during the Second World War Servicemen were hanging out of the windows! Especially Marines! I was in an

orgy with three marines and two sailors! Nothing like those good old days!"

However, the May 25th fire was not the first fire at the Everard Baths. In 1973 a large part of the fourth floor was gutted by fire. Was the Everard closed down until it could comply with the codes of the Building Department? Would it not seem logical that after a major fire there would be an inspection and that the facility would not reopen until all the necessary repairs had been made and all violations corrected? What about fire escapes, sprinkler systems, etc?

"Are you kidding, New York is the most corrupt city in the country!" the longhair with horn rimmed glasses spoke angrily. "Did you ever study the history of this city? It's still run by Tammany and they're ripping off the people!"

The facts are that the Everard reopened after the 14-3 fire with only a cosmetic job done in the fourth floor. An order to install a sprinkler system was not issued until August of 1976. That was three years and nine charred bodies after the first fire!

The rumors involved here is that gays are treated like second class citizens and too many of them go along with the kind of treatment. How many gays who are in the joses are going to speak out against the fire trap conditions of the Everard fire? How many of them are going to march in a parade of gay solidarity? What if a television camera spotted them. This fear is also shared by some straights who do believe in civil rights for gays. Many of them are terrified of marching in a parade because they may be identified by TV and consequently lose their jobs.

Bruce Voiller, co-executive director of the National Gay Task Force spoke bluntly about the Everard when he said, "a shabby, dreadful place run-down and grubby beyond words. Can't we at least ask for clean facilities? Can't we ask for our civil rights?"

Arthur Bell, an upfront gay writer for the Village Voice put it directly to Mayor Abraham Beame when he asked, "What do you intend to do for New York's gay constituency? Intro 554 the gay civil rights bill has been bottled up in the General Welfare Committee of the City Council for three years. You're running for another term and I still don't have any civil rights!"

The Mayor's answer was that he didn't think gays were criminals and that he would consider signing intro 554 when the City Council passed the civil rights bill. Of course, it is a known fact that Mayor Beame controls the patronage that is doled out to Council members and that he could get the bill passed right away if he really wanted to get it passed.

Yes, the runaround goes on and on and up and up into the city administration. Who is responsible for the fire trap known as the Everard Baths? It was a booming business that charged exorbitant prices and could very well afford compliance with the building code.

The city administration stood mute and silent as all through the afternoon of May 25th the frantic phone calls came in from Tulsa and San Francisco; from all over the country to the New York

papers inquiring about a list of the dead and injured. The answer was brutal but to the point. The list of the dead was incomplete and they weren't even sure if the names were correct. It seems that most of the patrons who had survived the fire had refused to give their names to reporters and many others (including victims) had signed false names when they registered at the Everard Baths. This made identification difficult, if not impossible. According to gay newspaper NEWSWEST (issue of June 9th) "Signovica" was originally misidentified as Nicholas Smith, a friend whose name he had apparently used when staying in the room at the bath house. Smith came forward when he learned he had been listed as a casualty, and identified Signovica."

And so it went. The fear of discovery was rampant. How many pseudonyms were used at the Everard Baths? We will never know. We I've ever known the real names of the victims? Where were all the grieving relatives being interviewed on television and in the daily papers? Are all the bodies truly identified and claimed? As we go to press we do not know for sure.

If there is a silver lining in the tragedy of the totally unnecessary fire in midtown Manhattan it is that it did happen on a Wednesday morning. Can you imagine what the Everard Baths would be like on a Saturday night or early on a Sunday morning? Take the following into consideration: 135 cubicles that passed as rooms, and I don't know how many lockers plus a dormitory. And there were always patrons waiting in line on Friday and Saturday nights. It is also quite possible that the owners (whoever they really are) did not abide by the Building Code and the official posted capacity.

The Reverend G. Lincoln of the Manhattan MCC coordinated the establishment of a financial resource fund for fire victims of the Everard under the church's tax exempt status. MCC church officials spoke to the Greater New York Blood Donor Program to start a community blood bank to secure blood for all gays in the future. It seems that all of you have to do is come out of the closet and you have the blood.

With the bombing of the Everard and the fire that took place in the history now, possibly a footnote in our gay history. And yet, is there a lesson to be learned? How many of the gays that perished in the fire were still in the closet and only to have their names revealed after their death? Sad to say, we may never know.

Following is a list of the known dead in the Everard Baths:

Hillman Wesley Adams, 40, South Plains, NJ

Amado Alamo, 17, Manhattan

Anthony Calarco, age unknown, The Bronx

Bryan Duffy, 30, no address known

Kenneth Hill, 38, Manhattan

Patrick Knott, 27, Brooklyn

Ira Landau, 32, Manhattan

Yosef Signovica, 30, a Czech refugee whose address was not known.

James Charles Stuard, 30, Manhattan.

S&M GYM

BY G.B. MISA

CHAPTER 4

"Hey, ole Rip's got a crush on you, kid!"

Now his tongue found my balls that hung down into the crack of my ass. He slipped them into his mouth. Then his tongue searched beneath my balls and he found my quivering asshole. His tongue slipped inside easily as my spincter muscle was loose and I'd gone to sleep with my trusty cucumber up my ass. I whacked away at my rigid dong.

Striding to the center of the gym, Killer grabbed the neck harness (for building up a skinny neck) and removed the long leather strap. "Bend over and grab your ankles, Rip!" he ordered.

Rip bent over humbly, his hands gripping his ankles, his milk white ass vulnerable and ready for the leather strap. The only sign of fear was a slight quivering of the hard slabs of buttock muscles.

ZING! WHOOOOOOSH! CR... AACK!

Shotgun explosion... supple, warm leather digging into bare flesh... flailing... whipping... then the soft leather lying quietly on the bare flesh... not moving... then caressing the milk white ass... loving it gently... tenderly... kissing it with the hot leather.

WHO... OOOOSH! SMASH! CRACK!

Again Killer's arm shooting through the air, tearing at Rip's ass... fascination... pale pink mark in the shape of the strap... turning red... then angry scarlet against the milk whiteness... still Rip hanging onto his ankles for dear life.

Again and again the leather whooshed through the air, ripping at the twin peaks of solid muscle. Now scarlet turned to violent blood red and the barely perceptible swelling... edges of the welts tingling to blue-green purple.

Now I grooved on Killer's body in action... a magnificent sight to behold. Sopping wet with deltid muscles bunched into massive power, his body bulging like a giant baseball with the black panther wriggling crazily, ready to strike an unseen foe. His heavy balls bouncing against his leg as his hand squeezed his enormous cockhead.

"Take over, kid!" Killer threw the thick strap in my general direction.

The thought of beating Rip's golden ass filled my guts with burning fire. Now Rip was on his knees, his head buried in the carpet, his gorgeous ass ready for more action. On a sudden impulse, I bent over, kissing the beautiful burning vari-colored welts.

"His back... work it over!" Killer said.

WHOO... SH! SLAM! BAM! CR... AACK!

Killer's arm in violent motion. Leather screaming through the air smashing into the flesh of my pectoral muscles. I heard the stream. It was my own.

"Shut the fuck up!" Again the inexorable leather strap eating into my flesh... my chest... my belly... my thighs. Desperately I pulled away, I on the searing pain. Suddenly I was on top of Rip's Power, face to face.

Heid the little fucker. Killer screamed.

Rip's massive arms pinned me on top of him and now the blows bit into my back... my ass... the back of my legs... then I happened... my body... my head... searing pain somehow turned inside out... insane rapture gripping my body as the blows smashed down. I hung onto Rip Powell, feeling his magnificent body beneath me. My lips found his warm mouth... my tongue went deep into his throat... total ecstasy filled my body as the whipping got heavier and heavier. I screamed as my orgasm tore at my body, spouting my cum onto Rip's belly. It went on and on... the greatest

release of my life.

Killer's body was sopping wet as he sat on the bench press stool. "My sweat pants!" He glanced at Rip.

Rip jumped up, grabbing Killer's pants. He held them on.

"Put them on me, asshole!"

Rip knelt on the red carpet, carefully slipping the grey sweat pants over Killer's feet, pulling them up, tying them carefully around his washboard stomach.

"You're Slave Number Two!" Killer barked.

"What?"

"Slave Number Two behind Georgie Porgie." Killer reached into his sweat pants, scratching his huge balls. "You take care of the shit... clean up the latrine. You got that?"

"Yeah, I got it!"

Killer smashed him hard across the face. "Sir, Fuckhead!"

"Yes sir!" Rip's golden hair was matted against his tanned forehead.

"You sleep in the closet with Georgie." Killer stood up, walking around Rip, inspecting his whipped ass and back.

"And you drink my piss when I wake up!"

"Yes sir!" I jumped to my feet, furious. "But boss, I thought that I got to drink your..."

Killer grabbed my hair with one hand and slapped me silly with the other hand. "Watch out, asshole, or you'll end up slave number Two."

"Sorry, sir!" I guess I was angry because Rip had gotten Killer's ten inches up his ass. I wondered if I'd wait until Doomsday to get his gorgeous hunk of meat.

Now Killer grabbed Rip by his golden hair. "You take orders from Georgie! Anything he wants to do with you Suck his dick... anything! You got that, asshole?"

And then I was alone with Slave Number Two. The crappers!" I yelled.

"What?"

"Sir, God damn it!" I yelled, slapping him hard.

"Ah... what, ah... sir?" He looked confused.

"Clean up the fuckin' crappers!"

"Yes, Boss." Rip moved quickly, through the door to the locker room. He was back naked, his beautiful muscular back and ass was a sight to behold. Criss-crossed with the whipping marks from the leather strap. They were turning a deep purple. He turned around, standing at attention.

"Is that all, sir?"

Seeing Killer's massive handprint imbedded on Rip's mountainous pectorals gave me a hard on. "I want a blow job before I go to sleep."

"Yes sir!"

"Careful with the teeth! You scratched my dick the last time!"

"Sorry, sir!" He shifted his feet apologetically.

I opened my eyes when I felt his hot tongue licking my balls. He sucked my asshole and then went to work on my rigid dick. It took me two minutes to shoot my creamy load down his throat. I went to sleep peacefully after showing my cucumber up my ass. I dreamt of winning the Mr. Bay Area contest and right after... my night with Killer McKenna and his monster cock.

I sprayed the Windex on the lobby mirror when the sound of the Harley blasted at my ears. I glanced at the wall clock nervously. It was five minutes to nine and Salvatore Rizzo would enter the glass doors at exactly nine in the evening. I overheard Killer talking to the leader of the ANGELS OF DEATH over the phone. I quickly finished cleaning the mirror, my heart beating faster. What kind of an ordeal was Killer going to put me through?

At three of minutes of nine two skin-headed young men in full leather deposited a black foot locker in the lobby. Then they opened the glass doors and stood at attention. They were going looking with studded black dog collars around their necks. One was husky and the other was lean and hungry looking.

At exactly nine o'clock Salvatore Rizzo strode into the lobby of the Killer McKenna Gym. Tight leather pants clung to his thick legs, accenting his enormous crotch. He wore his motorcycle jacket against his bare skin. Black hair matted his chest but it couldn't hide his massive, well-defined pectoral muscles. He stood in the lobby, legs spread wide, his chin thrust arrogantly forward. He gave a barely perceptible signal and his silent slaves closed the glass doors and stood at atten-

tion three feet behind the master.

"Fuckin' hot!" He shrugged huge shoulders.

The slaves moved in unison, efficiently removing his leather jacket and placing it carefully in the foot locker. I'd never seen such a hairy man. It coated his belly, curling down over his leather pants. His thick black hair curled over his shoulders. His green eyes were huge and penetrating, accented by heavy black eyebrows. What had once been an aquiline nose was smashed against his face. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Rocky Marciano, only his waist was thinner. He looked like he hadn't shaved for a week.

"Where the fuck is he?" he growled, scratching his ass.

The slaves twitched nervously as if Rizzo's voice was a whip zinging down on their helpless bodies. Then Killer came zooming out of the office in his sweat pants.

"God damn! Sal Rizzo! How the fuck are ya?"

"Thirty seconds late!" He scowled at Killer. "Rizzo don't wait for nobody!"

"Sorry, pal." Killer slapped him on the ass. "You're in great shape. Workin' out in Oakland, huh?"

Rizzo ignored the remark, turned on his heel, and moved into the gym proper. He checked it out; the gleaming new latissimus dorsi machine, the parallel bars, the squat rack; leg raise machine, all the updated equipment Killer had bought from the memberships I'd sold since I'd taken over as membership salesman and resilient slave.

The bald headed slaves deposited the black foot locker in the center of the gym. "An't got all night for shootin' the shit!" Rizzo stared at himself in the full length mirror.

"All the members out, Georgie?" Killer scratched his balls. Just looking at my master drove me up the wall with desire.

"Yes, boss!"

"Lock the front door . . . on the double!"

As I hurried back into the gym after locking the front door I tried to figure out what was going on. Sal plopped his ass onto an exercise bench. "My feet hurt!" he mumbled.

The lean slave was on his knees in front of Rizzo, pulling hard at the heavy boots. "Socks, too, shithead!"

Sal scratched between his toes. "That one part of the merchandise?" his green eyes examined me coldly.

"Great slave!" Killer bragged. "Twenty-one years old. Weight, 190 pounds. Forty-four inch chest. Thirty inch waist. Biceps, sixteen and three-fourths."

"Can't tell shit with his clothes on!" Sal growled.

"Strip!"

"What?" I couldn't believe my ears.

Killer's open palm whacked me across the side of my face and I hit the carpet with a loud thump. Killer jerked me to my feet. "Strip, you dumb asshole!" he shouted. "What the fuck are you trying to do, fuck up the transaction?"

TRANSACTION? My mind whirled crazily as I tore off my clothes. Was Killer really going to sell me to the leader of the ANGELS OF DEATH? Would Sal Rizzo shave my head and put a studded dog collar around my neck? Would I be just another slave in his stable? The questions hammered at my head but I knew if I disobeyed Killer he'd kick me out of the gym. I pulled off my pants and stood naked in front of the ice cold green eyes of Salvatore Rizzo.

"Ain't no Swarzenegger or even a Franco Columbu," Sal snorted.

"Let me tell you, Sal!" Killer's hand rubbed his mountainous chest. "This kid's entered in the Mr. Bay Area Contest and he's gonna win first place!"

Rizzo grabbed my chin, forcing my mouth open. The son of a bitch was inspecting my teeth. "Got all of 'em," he said. "Turn around!"

I obeyed with alacrity. "Bend over and spread 'em!"

Leaning forward, I grabbed the cheeks of my ass. I felt the anger against Killer like a red hot poker in my guts. The son of a bitch was selling me like a side of beef.

A rough finger probed at my bunglehole. "What the fuck is this?" His voice shot up an octave.

My head jerked upward and I turned beet red. Rizzo was holding a giant cucumber in his hand. I always went to sleep with a cucumber up my ass but that morning after Rip Powell had given me my morning blow job I hadn't had time to remove it.

Rizzo threw the cucumber on the floor. A sneer twisted at his ruggedly handsome face. "Can't afford a dildo to shove up

your slave's ass?" he jeered.

"You sneaky son of a bitch!" Killer glared at me. "You've been ruining my fuckin' salads, you asshole!"

"I got a fist that's a helluva lot bigger than a cucumber!" Rizzo smiled evilly, holding his fist an inch away from Killer's face.

"You want to buy him or not?" Killer asked impatiently.

I couldn't keep my mouth shut. "Boss, I don't want to leave you. Don't you know how much I lo . . ."

The dizzying emptiness slammed at my head, hurtling me through space, faster and faster. I fell screaming into a rainbow whirlpool of whistling, moaning wind . . . jagged edged splinters of reds and oranges ripped at my body . . . tearing me apart. Then I was floating in a strange stillness and somehow in a different time, almost as if Killer's blow was a time and place machine, transporting me back . . . back to my home . . . Modesto . . . a freshman in high school . . . living with Dad alone . . . Mom had run away with a traveling salesman.

Dad never got home until midnight so I spent the late afternoons at the construction site, where the workers were building the new gym. I sat for hours and hours on the side of the hill, staring at the young man with the husky shoulders and the sandy hair. He was always stripped to the waist, his hammer pounding the nails into the blond wood.

He was only five feet nine but was built like the proverbial shithouse with his barrel chest slimming down to a 28 inch waist. After a week of watching him I found out his name . . . Buddy.

Each day I'd inch a few feet down the side of the hill until I was close enough to see the corded muscles of his thick legs through his faded denim. His buttock muscles were so big and solid that they looked like they'd split the seams of his pants.

It was two weeks later . . . the weak winter sun was setting when he slowly climbed the hill and looked down at me. The knobhead of his cock pushed against his tight pants. He reached down, pressing his thumb and index finger around it, holding it for a moment. "I gotta piss!"

My heart pounded crazily as I led him into the clearing on top of the hill. It was a beautiful area, colored yellow with poppies. Slowly and deliberately he unzipped his fly and his dick flopped out. It was long and thick and half hard. I couldn't believe a cock could be as big as Buddy's. It seemed five times bigger than my boydick.

I couldn't pull my eyes away as he sprayed his piss against the green ferns under the tree. When he shook the last drop he didn't put it back in his pants. He moved closer. My body trembled with a strange, wild desire. "Here, kid. You wanna play with it?"

My head whirled. I wanted to do something with it but I didn't know what. My knees were knocking together and I could hardly breathe.

Buddy unbuckled his belt and his pants fell to his heavy work boots. He pulled down his boxer shorts and the big thing flopped out, slapping against his flat, muscular stomach. Now his strong hands pressed down hard on my shoulders and I was on my knees with the big urppp ing an inch away from my mouth. He took my hand and put it around his giant balls.

. . . ah . . . never done nothin' like this!" I mumbled.

He didn't answer. His big hand pushed my head forward and I felt the slick wetness as my lips touched the red knob. My tongue tentatively touched his pisshole. He moaned and groaned as I opened my mouth and took the huge knobhead into my bomyouth. It was so huge I could hardly get my lips around it.

Quickly Buddy jerked my pants down and his calloused finger pressed against my bunglehole. "Gonna fuck that virgin ass!" he moaned. "Wet it good, kid. Plenty of spit!"

Buddy picked me up with one hand and turned me around. He spat on his hand and carefully pushed his wet finger into my shithole. "Fuckin' tight . . . a cherry! a cherry!"

He bent me over, my hands touching the grass. The sunlight sprayed through the trees in magical gold patterns. The birds had quieted down. At first there was searing pain but then a warmth filled my body and I relaxed. Buddy had his big dick all the way into the hole. At first he was gentle but when I began to moan and groan he slammed it into my virgin ass harder and harder.

I jerked at my four inches of rigid boycock and felt a fire in my toes. It moved to my legs and then to my crotch. The crackle of dry branches and I stared into the face of a young

man. He held his dick in his hand. My head jerked back and the hot wetness was in my mouth. He wasn't gentle like Bud dy. He grabbed my ears and shoved his dick all the way down my throat. I gagged as his thick cream spurted deep into my throat and behind me Buddy was jerking wildly as he shot his burning hot load up my virgin ass.

And that was the beginning . . . at thirteen . . . I sucked off or got fucked by every good looking guy on the construction crew but I refused to take care of the paunchy ones and Buddy always backed me up. He was a pal.

The time and place machine went out of focus and I was deep into the blackness of unconsciousness that was finally pierced by jagged edged reds flicking at my brain like branding irons. Then bright green stars . . . pale blue of the overhead neon in the gym . . . I shook my head, realizing I was in Killer McKenna's gym and I wasn't thirteen years old.

"Where the fuck's the other slave — the ball player?" Rizzo scratched his hair matted chest.

"Cleanin' out the crappers!" Killer moved to the door of the locker room. "Rip! Get your ass in here!"

Rip came running but his handsome face turned white as a sheet when he saw Sal Rizzo and the bald headed slaves. His eyes were staring at the big black foot locker. On it was stencilled: TOYS. PROPERTY OF ANGELS OF DEATH.

Rip nervously touched his blue bikini, pushing at the big ball that always managed to hang out. Rizzo's hand shot out, ripping at the blue bikini. He tore it to shreds and threw it on the gym floor. Rip's face turned red but he didn't move a muscle. Rizzo walked around the golden boy of baseball, inspecting him carefully, grabbing an arm, feeling his deltoids, checking out his triceps, slapping him on the ass. "How much, Killer?"

"You want 'em both, Sal?" Killer reached into his sweat pants and scratched his gigantic balls.

"I dunno." Sal Rizzo gestured to Rip. "Little old, ain't he?"

"In his prime. He's only twenty-four and he's a star athlete . . . superb condition." Killer smiled. "He even got a tight asshole!"

"I don't know about that!" For the first time Rizzo smiled as he punched Killer on the arm. "How could any of 'em have a tight ass with that wrecking crew you got between your legs, huh Killer?"

Killer laughed. "Tight enough for me, Sal!"

"So how much for the two of 'em?"

"Let's see!" Killer stared at his reflection in the mirror. "All the members of the ANGELS OF DEATH join my gym for one year. Payment in advance."

"Cut down on the membership fee twenty-five bucks per member. How's that?" Rizzo sat on the black foot locker.

"You got yourself a deal, Rizzo!" Killer stuck out his hand.

I watched in absolute horror. The son of a bitch was selling Rip and me to Salvatore Rizzo, to the leader of the ANGELS OF DEATH. I could just see twenty of them gang banging me . . . branding me . . . tattooing me . . . I felt like shooting Killer on the spot. If only I had a gun. The son of a bitch didn't give a shit about me after all I'd done for him. Didn't he know that the Killer McKenna Gym would go down the tube without Georgie to sell all the memberships? And yet I had to admit he was doing okay . . . how many memberships had he just sold?

Rizzo turned to the thin slave. "My checkbook, shit-head!"

Killer took the check and moved toward the lobby. "You got until eleven-fifteen." He looked at his watch. "It is now nine-fifteen."

Rizzo ran his hand through his thick mane of hair. "Shit, man, give me until midnight!"

"It's a deal. And don't worry about 'em scream!' Ain't no people around this time of night."

I heaved a sigh of relief. At least Rizzo was only selling me for two hours for the good of the gym. And I was scared to death. What in hell was that black foot locker? I thought of running for the street but my hands were jerked behind my back and I felt the cold steel of the handcuffs biting into my wrists. A second later the muscular slave snapped on the leg irons and I was helpless.

Rip made a dash for the locker room but Rizzo tripped him and he sprawled on the red carpet. "Ain't puttin' up with

this shit," he yelled. "Who the fuck you think you are . . . Spartacus?"

The husky slave jumped on top of Rip, pinning him down while the lean slave expertly hogtied him with strips of leather. "Gag the son of a bitch!" Rizzo ordered. "I'm gonna teach him some obedience to his master!"

Rizzo sat down on the foot locker and thrust his leg forward. The lean slave removed Rizzo's sock and jammed it into Rip's mouth. The other slave held out a wide strip of tape, it was done like clockwork.

I was sprawled on my back with my head resting against the leg-raise machine. The husky slave opened the foot locker. Carefully he rooted through it: The sound of metal clanging against metal sent chills down my spine. What in hell were they going to do to us? What?

"Would you like the ball crusher, sir?" The husky slave asked pleasantly.

"Later!" "Oh, sir! I worked all day on the bamboo splinters. Got them nice and sharp. May I suggest . . . under the fingernails and the toenails?"

I couldn't believe my ears. Were they putting me on or was it for real? For a moment I thought I was going nuts.

"Wooden paddle!" Rizzo ordered.

"Yes sir!"

I gulped as I saw the heavy two inch thick piece of wood. But, shit, it wasn't a ball crusher.

"The one with the holes in it, shithead!" Rizzo cuffed the lean slave, knocking him to the floor.

The second paddle was thicker than the first. I watched in fascination as Sal moved toward Rip Powell. Rip's eyes were darting back and forth in terror. His ass quivered as Rizzo raised the paddle over his head. The fire smashed at my guts and I felt my dick stiffen. Shit. The ape like Rizzo was going to paddle the milk white ass of golden boy Rip Powell. That beautiful ass . . . a deep tan and then the contrast of the whiteness of his buns . . . two thick slabs of muscle that somehow defied gravity.

The dull thud of wood against flesh and the muffled screams of Rip coming through the dirty sock jammed down his throat. Rip twisted and rolled away from the paddle.

"Tie the fucker to the lat machine!" Rizzo snarled, grabbing at his thick piece of meat through his slick leather pants.

"Yes sir!" In a flash they had Rip tied to the gleaming machine and now he could only move his gorgeous ass a few inches in either direction.

Rizzo's huge arm shot through the air. CRACK! SMACK! THUD! Five . . . six . . . seven . . . Rip squirmed but there was no way he could get away from the avenging paddle. The milk whiteness turned to pink and then to angry red.

And then it happened . . . the change. Rip's straining muscles relaxed . . . his ass wasn't squirming away. He began to moan softly. Shit! He pushed his ass upward, waiting for the paddle! He was digging it! Twisting my head I managed to see Rip's dick. It was hard and the cockhead was dripping with pre-cum! Now Rizzo threw the paddle at one of his slaves and then brutally shoved three fingers up Rip's ass. Rip's moan of rapture got louder. "He's ready. Open him up!" Rizzo ordered.

The slim slave rummaged through the foot locker and pulled out a monster dildo that was at least fifteen inches long and almost as thick as my arm. The head of the dildo was as big as a doorknob. It sat on a stand and the slave placed it on the gym floor. It looked like a piece of sculpture that Andy Warhol might create.

"Untie him!"

In what seemed like two seconds Rip was free of his leather bonds. The slim slave took Rizzo's dirty sock out of Rip's mouth. The husky one slapped some KY on Rip's ass.

"Sit on it, shithead!" Rizzo ordered.

Rip didn't hesitate for a moment. I watched in astonishment as half of the huge dildo disappeared up his gorgeous ass. Rip braced himself on the red carpet or otherwise the whole damned thing would have torn into his guts.

"My pants!" The slaves worked in unison, unbuckling his belt and carefully removing his leather pants. Buck naked, Rizzo was a magnificent figure of a man. The matted hair couldn't hide his powerful animal physique. Sweat poured down the center of his chest, through the curls of thick hair, along the ridges of his rock hard stomach, dripping onto

his navel. My eyes feasted on the fat monster that reared out of a nest of wiry crotch hair. His prick was a dark brown. It wasn't the longest cock in the world but it looked like the thickest. It was crowned by a dark red satiny head that looked like the bottom of a beer bottle.

Viciously he grabbed Rip by the ears and slammed his thick cock down his throat. At the same time he kicked at Rip's hands and before Rip could catch himself four more inches of the dildo disappeared into his milk white asshole. He couldn't make a sound with Sal Rizzo's fat dick slamming back and forth into his throat.

Rizzo pulled his dripping dick out of Rip's mouth and moved toward me. "Cat O'Nine Tails!"

A moment later the handle was pressed into the palm of his hand. My heart jumped into my throat as Rizzo gently moved the leather across my chest. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Killer. He had come into the gym and his hand was inside his sweat pants and he was jerking at his ten inches. And he was drooling, the spittle running down his chin. Shit. What in hell was wrong with me? I was going through all this crap and all I wanted was Killer's uncut ten inches up my hot ass. And... it was still two months before the Mr. Bay Area Contest and I knew Killer meant what he said. You win the contest you get my ten inches! Not before, asshole!

ZING! SWO... OOOOSH! I was watching Killer play with himself when the leather things bit deep into my shoulder. I desperately tried to jerk my body away from the screaming leather. I managed to stand up and jump a couple of feet but the leg irons were not made for running and the muscular slave knocked me to the red carpet and now the cat o' nine tails was burning into the tender flesh of my ass cheeks.

The muscular slave jerked me to a standing position. "Don't move a muscle or you'll get the ball crusher!"

The thin slave handed his master the buggy whip. It had a long tapering handle. Sal Rizzo stood fifteen feet away from me and did a practice swing. He held his right hand directly upward and snapped the buggy whip. His arm barely moved. I closed my eyes tightly and gritted my teeth as I heard the swish of the whip. Opening my eyes I saw a thin red line criss cross from my chest to my left leg. A moment later the searing pain ripped at my body as the buggy whip slashed through the air, seeking my tortured flesh. It seemed to go on for an eternity and finally Rizzo threw the buggy whip to the red carpet.

Sal's hairy arms roughly jerked me toward him and his thick tongue licked at the blood that criss crossed my chest and legs. "Go... ood... go... ood!" he moaned.

His hairiness... the warmth of his tongue... the fire sparked deep in my guts... his huge hand smashed down on my pectoral muscles... I began to scream in rapture. Over and over his powerful hands smashed at my body and his tongue licked at my wounds. "Take off the kid's cuffs and leg irons," he snarled.

I was free and he pushed my head into his burning hot ass. "Eat it, kid!"

I pressed my tongue through the matted black hair, pushing for his bunglehole. Finally I pressed it deep into his funky rear end.

"Fuckin' great shit eater! God damn! Great!" I pushed my tongue deeper and deeper into the raunchiness and then I was rimming the air as I felt two of his huge fingers pushing hard against my ass. "Hot fucker! Hot!"

Directly in my line of vision I saw Rizzo and Killer. I did a double take. The huge dildo on the stand was almost all the way up Rip's ass. Rip was whacking away at his meat, taking in the scene.

But what drove me up the wall with desire was Killer McKenna. He'd stepped out of his sweat pants. He stood naked beating wildly at his ten inches of uncut dick.

I was on my knees as Sal Rizzo jammed four fingers up my burning hot ass. I licked my lips, staring directly at Killer's gigantic dripping tool. I made a loud sucking sound... hoping... praying Killer would respond.

As Rizzo slowly worked his hand deep into my asshole I tried to imagine it was Killer's forearm. Rizzo motioned to Killer. "Shove that big dick of yours down his throat, Killer!" he yelled.

I grunted as Rizzo's hand was in to the wrist. I spread my legs as wide as I could and pushed at Rizzo's hand. Then my

heart jumped up into my throat. Killer was moving toward me, holding his monster dick, pointing it directly at my mouth. I went crazy with desire. My whole life was Killer's huge prick. The scarlet knob was dripping as Killer roughly grabbed my ears. After all these months I was going to get his red hot meat! I smelled the smegma clinging to his taut foreskin. I opened my mouth wide, panting wildly, waiting for Killer to jam it down my throat.

AGGGGGH RAGHAMMMMKBLAM... SHIT... IT... GOD... AL... MIGHTY... I... AGHHHHH.

The blackness grabbed at my being and I dug my hands into the thick carpet, trying to hang on to reality, as the gym tilted crazily. I finally got it right side up.

"I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm coming!" Rizzo screamed. The husky slave was on his knees catching the huge load that jetted out of Rizzo's fat dick.

"Up to the fuckin' elbow! Up to my fuckin' elbow!" Rizzo yelled triumphantly. "God damn!"

Now Killer's giant dick was an inch away from my mouth and still the bastard hadn't slammed it deep down my throat. He was whacking away crazily, eyes half closed, his lower body thrust forward, all his muscles tensed. His face contorted in rapture and he opened his mouth slightly as the thick cream shot out of his pisshole and splashed on my forehead, my hair, my cheeks. I was bathed in Killer's come as I shot all over the red carpet. His cum continued to jet out of his dick in creamy gobs. Now it ran down my chin and onto my chest. It didn't look like he'd ever stop coming. Rizzo's fist up my ass was driving him crazy with passion.

Finally he stopped coming all over my face. Quickly I stuck out my tongue, attempting to lick off the remaining drool that oozed out of his huge pisshole. Killer arched it away, a sadistic smile playing on his face. He held it in both hands, waving it at me. Slowly and deliberately he put on his sweat pants.

Now he moved toward me again. He grabbed the back of my head and jammed it hard against his sweat pants. I could feel the half hardness pressing from my chin to my forehead. "You want it down your throat, kid?" He smiled.

"More than anything in the world, sir!"

"Win the fuckin' Mr. Bay Area contest and you can have this piece of meat all night, Georgie Porgie." He roared with laughter and then he was gone.

I hardly noticed when Salvatore Rizzo pulled his arm out of my asshole except for an empty feeling and a slight cold draft.

"Pack up!" Rizzo ordered his two bald headed slaves. Efficiently the husky slave pulled the monster dildo out of Rizzo's asshole. There was a puddle of come directly between Rizzo's legs on the red carpet. The two of us had a lot of cleaning to do that night.

Rizzo's slaves had packed the black foot locker in exactly one minute and they followed their hirsute master out of the gym.

A few minutes later Rip and I were soaping each other in the shower being very careful with our wounds. Sitting in front of our lockers, Rip lit two cigarettes, putting one in my mouth. "Kid," his finger played with his Catfish Hunter moustache nervously. "You know something?"

"What?"

"Ah... I never been kissed by a guy... in my whole life!"

I leaned forward pressing my lips hard against his, finally sticking my tongue down his throat. I pulled away, looking at him. "What do you think, Rip?"

"Again, please!" The golden boy of baseball smiled.

I kissed him again, putting some passion into it this time.

"Hey, that ain't bad, you know?" His hand playfully slapped me on the ass. "Shit, man, how in hell did you take that dude's arm all the way up to the elbow?"

"Look who's talkin'! Shit, that dildo was almost as big as Rizzo's arm!"

"No big deal." He opened his locker. In it was another blue bikini. He slipped it on and still his right ball hung out of the trunks.

"Rizzo could've shoved it in up to his shoulder," I said.

"All I wanted to do was suck Killer's cock!"

Rip shook his head in amazement. "God damn, Georgie! You really love Killer, don't you?"

to be continued...





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APE RAPE



BY JAMES YOUSLING

In Paris, the lifeless body of King Kong sculpted in 42 feet of styrofoam, lies crushed at the foot of the Arc de Triomphe. In a Hollywood disco, a rock-and-roll band urges a crowd of frantic dancers to "Do the Kong." In Iowa, a little girl snuggles up to her favorite Christmas gift, a three-foot plush stuffed gorilla, which has replaced last year's stuffed shark in her heart.

In Northern California, a woman shares her home with a five-year-old real-life gorilla, who converses with her in human sign-language. And in the African jungle, a woman Ph.D. lives with the gorillas in their society, learning their language. What does it all mean, dear reader? I mean, what if my sister wants to marry one?²

The spectacular success of Dino DeLaurentis' *King Kong* remake has sparked a whole new generation into fantasies about apes as lovers. And most of this interest is, of course, centered on gorillas, for no other creature is so startlingly human-like. The myth of ape/rape has been with us since the misty eons of time, surviving the centuries with very little change. But until recently, we have been totally ignorant of the natural behavior patterns of gorillas in the wild.

White men didn't know the gorilla even existed until 1847, when the deep central jungles finally yielded to exploration and exploitation. Before photography, most people had no idea what a gorilla really looked like. Most artists' renderings of the time were sheer fantasy. And public zoos are basically a Twentieth Century phenomena. The first captured gorilla brought to the United States won exhibition in 1911.

Meanwhile, countless legends grew up around this mysterious animal. The more accessible apes have all been popularly misunderstood as well. Baboons are portrayed as satyr-like rapists in Voltaire's 18th Century satire *Candide*. In the 19th Century, Edgar Allan Poe gave us an orangutan murderer in the *Rue Morgue*. And Cheeta, the chimpanzee, was always good for a laugh at the end of a Tarzan movie. But no ape has ever slipped so deeply into the international subconscious as the gorilla, the ape of apes, who was both father and mother to Tarzan and lover to Fay Wray and Jessica Lange.

The classic 1933 version of *King Kong*, a sensation in its day, saved RKO studios from bankruptcy and taught an entire generation that the Empire State Building is a phallic symbol. Its kinky, expressionistic images of doom are more nightmare than reality, and the wooden dialogue was laughable even by Thirties Hollywood stan-

dards. Yet the primitive gut-level concept of the Ape and the Blonde was powerful enough to bring the censor's scissors down on several scenes which were not restored to the U.S. version until 1968.

In later "authorized" film versions, Kong was carefully castrated. *Song of Kong* (1934) was the sweetest, eye-rollingest little feller you'd ever want to meet, definitely pre-puberty and post-Fay Wray. And *Mighty Joe Young* (1949) was gaa-gaa over Terry Moore, but she was a wholesome teenager who was more interested in her piano lessons. Kong was finally reduced to appearances in a series of Japanese films like *King Kong vs. Godzilla* (1963). These films are a lot of fun if you're into seeing Tokyo destroyed yet again, but a far cry from Beauty and the Beast on Skull Island.

Now, DeLaurentis has finally given Kong back his balls. Despite the PG rating, the erotic overtones are clearer than ever. When Kong starts poking the ravishing Jessica Lange with that huge, huge finger we know just what everybody in the theater is thinking, don't we? I mean, talk about Unrequited love and Impossibile lust! And in this version the blonde ain't screamin' much either. She wants it as bad as he does.

I suspect that people leave the theater remembering the blow-dry scene more vividly than even the death of Kong.

Much of the heavy-breathing aspect of DeLaurentis' film is due to the performance of Rick Baker, a young man who plays 95 percent of Kong's scenes in a gorilla suit. (Much was made of the 42 foot, two-million-dollar mechanical Kong, but he appears in very few scenes.) The animated miniatures used in the first three Kong films remain unsurpassed technically, but this time around it's in color and widescreen and it all looks real — not just Hollywood-dream real, but real real. Vast improvements in process "trick" photography, plus a new type of ape-suit (with a series of masks offering various remote-controlled facial expressions, each of them revealing Rick Baker's eyes with oversized brown contacts) give the new Kong, a truly humanoid quality that animation can never achieve. And this makes Kong all the more sympathetic and well sexy.

This realistic new Kong coincides with the arrival of several interesting new studies of gorilla behavior in the wild. Most of our past information was based on captured gorillas, who tend to grow despondent and die young. None were born in captivity until 1956. Zoo patrons were often shocked when the more neurotic apes masturbated or threw shit at them. But don't blame the gorilla. Try a few weeks in a cage and see what it does to you.

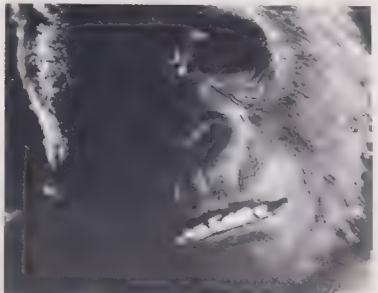
After living with the apes in their own territory in the jungles of central Africa, Jane Goodall and others have confirmed that gorillas are shy, friendly animals that seem to need companionship and attention. And though they are not as outgoing as the chimpanzees, they will not hurt a human unless seriously provoked. Kidnapping a gorilla, for example, is one sure way to make him sore at you.

Although they are not inclined to learn tricks, gorillas are extremely intelligent (surpassed only by humans, dolphins and chimps). Recently several men and women have raised gorillas from infancy in their



homes, teaching them to use the kitchen and bathroom. The only real problem seems to be that they get too big (up to 450 pounds) and are not readily accepted in the world outside of their home. Gorillas' vocal chords cannot reproduce human speech, yet a woman in northern California has taught deaf-mute sign language to her five-year-old female, whose vocabulary currently exceeds 500 words. Lily Tomlin recently interviewed this gorilla on national television. The gorilla (whose equivalent human age would be about eight) felt threatened and told her "trainer" that she wanted Lily to leave because "I want to bite her."

All of these tidbits lead to the inevitable speculation about the sex lives of these very humanoid beings. I mean, we all know that King Kong's schlong would be too much for even the most dedicated size-queen, but what about all those ancient stories about women being abducted and raped by the normal six-foot kind? Such stories persist even today, among both natives and whites and have become a favorite source of inspiration for pulp novels, popular illustrations, sleazy "B" movies and, of course, the great Kong himself. Let's face it: the Victorians were so horrified by the implications of Darwin's theory of evolution that their



fantasy notions about apes got all twisted up with their "Mandingo" fantasies about black races. Son of Kong, in particular, is embarrassingly close to the Steppin Fetchit stereotype, who avoids being threatening by being comical.

Well, wrong again, whitey. Recent studies show that Gorilla Lust is mostly wishful thinking on the part of us humans. For one thing, the average gorilla's cock is rather small in proportion to his body size. In the second place, we humans are about the only creatures on earth who demonstrate much real interest in having sex with partners outside our own species. Even if a gorilla wanted to rape a human female, it would have to be from behind, and she would have to be either (a) extremely cooperative, which isn't rape, or (b) extremely unconscious, which isn't any fun — even for a gorilla. (Necrophilia is also uniquely human.)

But inasmuch as King Kong has perpetuated the myth of ape/rape, the new version compensates for many of our previous misconceptions by giving us a Kong so fully developed as a personality that audiences are sitting in 1200 theaters all over the world, weeping at this very moment.

And speaking of weeping, dear reader, let me conclude with the saddest true story I know — the story of Bushman the Second.

Bushman was captured in Africa and brought to the U.S., where he replaced the late Bushman the First as star attraction of Chicago's magnificent Brookfield Zoo. Every attempt was made to get Bushman to mate, and over the years a virtual harem of attractive gorilla-ladies passed through his lodgings in search of stud service. But no dice. Bushman wouldn't put out.

Bushman lived to a ripe old age for a cap-

tive gorilla, but he never had the child that zoo officials had prayed for. Finally, in the mid-1960's, Bushman died. When a routine autopsy was performed, the vet noticed that Bushman had a very tiny penis indeed! Bushman was, in fact, a female gorilla! No one had ever noticed!

So if you think the end of King Kong is tragic, just think of poor Bushman (Bushperson?), horny and misunderstood, sitting in Chicago for years trying to figure out how to say "But I'm a girl" to the peanut-tossers.

If only someone had taught her sign language.

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HARRY CHESSE

VS. THE PYTHON

BY A. JAY

IN THE FIRST HOT EPISODE, OUR HERO HARRY CHESSE AND HIS TWO SIDEKICKS... MICKY MUSCLE AND RANCID AGNEW WERE HASTILY SUMMONED TO FUGG CENTRAL! A MYSTERIOUS STRANGLER HAD CLAIMED HIS 38TH GAY VICTIM. BUZZ ZUCKER, ART DIRECTOR OF "FAROUT FAGS", GAVE UNDERGROUND MONTHLY, THIS TIME THE KILLER LEFT BUZZ'S BOO IN A DARK ALLEY OFF FOLSON STREET--THE BARDARY COAST'S HOT LEATHER PLAY-AND! PRESSURE WAS BUILDING ON ALL SIDES TO FIND THIS WEIRD KILLER--WHOSE VICTIMS WERE FOUND SUFFOCATED/STRANGLED BY A MAMMOUTH FLESHY COCK THAT HAD PUMPED UNHUMAN AMOUNTS OF SEMEN (RE-CUM) DOWN EACH DEADMAN'S THROAT!

AT FUGG CENTRAL, ENIG, HEAD OF AGENTS, GAVE OUR GUYS THE ONLY CLUE UNCOVERED INSIDE BUZZ'S CAR--A COPY OF "FAROUT FAGS"! HARRY'S, MICKY'S, RANCID'S FUGG MISSION: "APPREHEND 'COCKPUMPER' (HIS FUGG CODE-NAME) BEFORE HE HAS ANOTHER DEADLY EJACULATION DOWN ANOTHER INNOCENT THROAT--!"

BACK AT HARRY'S SECLUDED BACHELOR FLAT ON CRISCO MEWS, OUR FUGGTRIO ARE EXAMINING THE MAG--



HORNY HIMALAYANS. LOOK AT THIS! ONE OF THE ADS IS MISSING!

BUZZ ZUCKER MUST HAVE CUT IT OUT BEFORE HE HAS PERMANENTLY ACED!

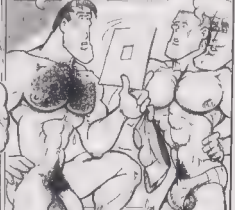


IN THAT CASE HARRY WE WON'T HAVE ANY BIG HASSLE TRACKING DOWN THE MISSING AD!

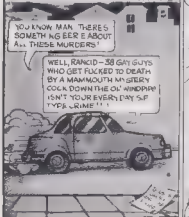
YEAH THAT'S RIGHT



EXCEPT THIS ISSUE HAS NEXT WEEK'S DATE ON IT... IT'S AN ADVANCE COPY. COME ON MEN... WE'RE HITTING THE FF OFFICE BEFORE THE KILLER GETS THE SAME HOT FLASHES TOO!



MOMENTS LATER HARRY'S SHINY, SPANISH SPORTS COUPE A CESAR ROMERO RACES INTO THE NIGHT TOWARD THE FF OFFICE--



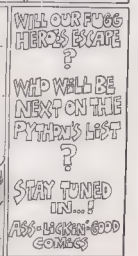
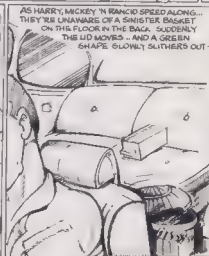
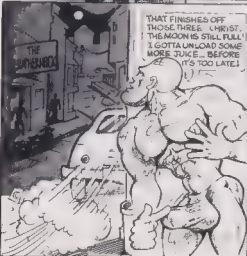
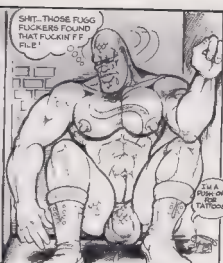
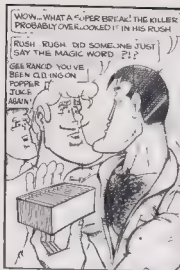
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ASTROLOGIC

LEO (July 22 - Aug. 21):

S - Paper the wall of your toilet or dressing with fan letters from the Florida Orange Commission defending Anna Bryant's Constitutional rights.

M - Never mind your Constitutional rights. They are easily removed by a majority vote or your Master's whims.

VIRGO (Aug. 22 - Sept. 22):

S - Take your slave to a nude beach this summer. If his ass gets too sun burned, soothe it with blows from a cool leather belt.

M - Don't be too excited; just have your private sex. Masturbation can be murder!

LIBRA (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22):

S - School should be re-opening soon. Time to work again teaching your slave who's boss.

M - Thirst for knowledge. Stay after class if necessary, but beg for more corporal punishment.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21):

S - Your sting is worse than your heart, so work less and let your strap do the stinging for you.

M - Learn to bark for your master. A dog collar will add a little ambience. If you're a typical *Scorpio* M, a *Wet* collar would be more apropos.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21):

S - Get into summer sports for a change of pace. Try hot-rod riding: slipping your hot rod down a very hole.

M - The only sports you're interested in is water sports - stroke, fucker, stroke!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20):

S - Do justice to the sign of the goat - rent a slave's butt.

M - Does sex get your goat? What you'd really rather go is bored!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19):

S - In keeping with the sign of the water-bearer, be absolutely unbearable. Or, better, have someone's vulnerable spot.

M - If you get unbearable, will'll you see what's going to spill out onto you.

PISCES (Feb. 20 - Mar. 20):

S - Shaving slaves is fine, but if you're in no hurry, try using tweezers, removing it one hair at a time.

M - The slave trip takes longer but like the origin of the species, great things take a while to develop.

ARIES (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19):

S - Begin preparing for autumn, because your slave's asshole now.

M - Do you prefer Elmer's glue or maple?

TAURUS (Apr. 20 - May 20):

S - Get your slave a strain bikini and take him swimming in shark-infested waters. (Don't forget to take along a hose for yourself.)

M - How fast can you swim while towing a schooner?

GEMINI (May 21 - June 21):

S - Great time for business ventures. "Not now, I'm right in the middle of a Rothschild!" can have a new meaning.

M - You, too, can invest. Some good stocks for you are anachronia, red dye No. 2, Robert Hall and NewWest.

CANCER (June 22 - July 21):

S - Tattle fun quotes from *Leviticus* all over your slave's body.

M - Have a minor's tight imbedded in your forehead so your master can read at night.

LEO

JULY 22 - AUG. 21



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STUD WATCHING





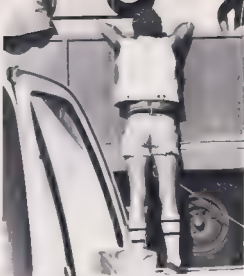
AT THE '77 GAY PRIDE PARADE

"The best thing about a parade is the opportunity it gives you to stare at people." And most of the time, the most interesting part of a parade are the people watching. It certainly was the case of the Hollywood Gay Pride celebration.

Not that there wasn't plenty to see passing by. But in checking the proof-sheets we noticed that our cameramen's eye did a bit of roving. And who's complaining?







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DRUM BEATS

*A fellow named White whom I knew
Said "Here's a pill to do what you
do."*

*I swallowed with ease,
Got on my knees,
Said, "Three cheers for the Red,
White," and Blew.*

*I asked my young friend about scat;
He says you say that to the cat.
But after an hour
Or two in the shower
He found out where it was at.*



"The cook at the "Exquisite Cuisine Truck-Stop" gives good head and has Mondays off . . "



"My former Master kept me practically virgin by not using anything over 14½. Sir."

MY BROTHER MY SLAVE

Kurt Kreisler

Tom laughed at the expression on the man's face and took his brother by the arm. "This is Terry, my twin brother. I'm Tom, you talked to me today." He reached out and took the man's hand. Terry simply nodded silently.

"Well, shit, don't just stand there. Come on in you two!" He opened the door wider and stood back for them to pass. His attention wasn't focused on Terry alone but also on Tom. He was beginning to have his own hopes for tonight and his eyes glittered eagerly.

He gave them both drinks, against Terry's wishes, and sat down across from them as they proceeded to seat themselves on the couch at opposite ends.

Tom noticed that the guy was better looking in this light than he had been in the darkened movie house. He must have been about thirty-seven or eight lean hard body showing through his snug clothing and wasn't in the least bit effeminate. He was sitting tensely in his chair not quite knowing what to do next. He cleared his throat and said questioningly, "Well..."

He looked expectantly at both of them but especially at Terry, his eyes dropping to the boy's crotch in an effort to catch some small glimpse of the bulge there, but Terry had one hand in his lap directly over his fly. He felt very uncomfortable and he was sweating slightly.

Suddenly Tom, who was very nervous, too, stood and reached his hand down to take his brother's. "Stand up, Terry."

"What?" Terry stared up at him incredulously.

"I said to stand up, kid. Right now!" He glared at Terry warningly. The other boy moved slowly and reluctantly and finally stood facing his brother. Tom started unbuttoning Terry's shirt as casually as he could force himself to do. Terry immediately stepped back from him and reached up to rebuff the partly open front. His twin grabbed him harshly and yanked him back within range.

"This guy wants to see what you look like in the nude, little brother, and I promised him a look. Now strip, goddamn it!" Terry stared from one to the other in utter disbelief, his mouth hanging open in amazement. He shook his head slowly from side to side as he just stood there staring.

"Now, look. We can call the whole thing off if you want to, punk, but I'm sure Mom and Dad are still up at home. Shall we go and have a little talk with them, huh?" He stared coldly into his brother's frightened eyes. Terry began to strip, unable to speak amidst all this madness. The man's eyes were glued to the boy's sexy body and he licked his lips unconsciously. Finally Terry stood helplessly in front of them dressed only in his shorts and his shoes. He looked self-consciously down at the floor with his hands at his sides.

"Wow!" the man exclaimed. "Come on... come on... I want to see all of it. Jesus, he's beautiful!" He was rubbing his hands together nervously.

"Get with it, Terry. We haven't got all night, damn it!"

Terry bent and raised each leg in turn, removing his shoes and socks. He blushed as Tom yanked his shorts down to his knees and ordered him to step out of them, which he did immediately. Terry was red with embarrassment as he stood, at last, stark naked in front of this stranger. His big cock and dangling balls seemed to throb from the tension as the man gasped in wonder and admiration of this young adonis. Terry's naked body was covered with a light coat of perspiration and it glistened invitingly in the light from the table lamps. His tight, rounded ass quivered nervously and he felt chilled.

Tom took his arm in a vice like grip and moved the hesitant boy over to stand in front of the man in the chair. The guy reached out eagerly and caressed Terry's smooth chest and belly and then groaned with pleasure as he fondled the heavy nuts, marveling at their weight.

"Beautiful... more than I ever expected. How old are you, kid?"

"He doesn't talk much. He's the same age I am. Seventeen." Tom beamed proudly at the man's reaction to his brother's body. "I guess you two better get it on, huh?" He glanced nervously at his watch.

"God... I'd love to have a life sized poster of him to hang in my bedroom... I can't believe it." The stranger was rubbing his hand lightly over Terry's smooth, firm buttocks.

"Good. I brought along my Polaroid in case you wanted some souvenir snapshots!" Tom grabbed the bag off the couch and pulled out the camera. "I promise not to get your face, okay?"

"The man nodded absently as he continued playing with Terry's helplessly exposed young body. He probed his tongue into the boy's belly button and ran it over the flat stomach hungrily. Terry grimaced but remained silent. He was totally confused by the whole thing and almost sick with fear. But he was more afraid of his brother! He didn't resist.

The apartment was small and dingy, more old than anything else. But, as the guy led them into the bedroom, Tom showing Terry's nude body ahead of him roughly, the whole scene changed. The room was brightly painted with a monstrous king sized bed taking up almost all of the floor space. On the walls were posters and pictures by the hundreds, all of naked male bodies... mostly teenagers. Tom was amazed at the huge collection. As they reached the bed he gave a gigantic shove against Terry's bare shoulders and the kid landed sprawled and surprised on top of the bed. He stared up at Tom pleadingly.

"What... what is he going to do to me?" He was frightened and shook visibly.

"No more than what I already have, little brother. Just relax and enjoy it!" Tom smiled down at him confidently but with that unspoken threat still in his hard blue eyes. Terry raised a knee and covered his crotch with his hand. He felt hopelessly lost and painfully vulnerable. Besides, he was getting a hard on and didn't understand why.

The man was undressing slowly and enjoying the anticipation as he stared down hungrily at his young prey. He loved the boy's innocence and his fright turned him on even more. As his shorts slid down off his slim, muscular thighs, Terry gasped uncontrollably at the size of the man's immense cock. His eyes opened in terror as he thought of what his brother had done to him... and this guy was much bigger than Tom was!

The camera went off with a glaring flash, capturing the helpless terror on the boy's face, and also what he was afraid of. Tom chuckled as he examined the results. The man's face didn't show, just his huge dong with Terry's wide eyes in the background.

The now naked older man fell with a growl on top of Terry's body and he started sucking the boy's full nipples furiously, making the young man squirm under the attack. The guy's hand grabbed his balls and started squeezing them together roughly causing Terry to cry out from the pain. His cries only spurred him on to even rougher treatment. Tom

stared in fascination at the sight of his brother being attacked by another guy. He rubbed his cock through his pants almost tempted to join in the rape. But he decided against it by sheer will power; he couldn't blow this first customer's faith in his shaky new enterprise!

Terry was still on his back and trying vainly to push the man's head up off his chest. The big hand came down hard against his vulnerable nuts and the boy yelled loudly.

"Shut up, kid. I'm not really hurting you, you love it and you know it!" Terry shook his head frantically. The man grinned cruelly as he resumed his abuse of Terry's tits. The skin around the nipples was bright red from friction with the man's stubble beard and the nipples stood out prominently from the chewing and sucking of the hot mouth. Suddenly the man's hand slipped down between the spread legs and found the boy's asshole with a big finger. He shoved it in forcefully and Terry had to bite his tongue to keep from screaming. It pushed and shoved painfully, stretching at the almost virgin hole with feverish intensity, the mouth still torturing his tender chest.

Tom had taken a few more pictures and was just developing the latest one when the man suddenly moved in between Terry's legs and raised them high into the air. The boy's bare ass raised up with them protestingly. He flashed another one just as the huge prick forced its way into the warm opening with a series of excruciating jabs. Terry couldn't help but cry out in agony as he gripped the bed spread tightly in his clenched fists. The guy was breathing in big gusts and his eyes drank in Terry's beauty as he fucked him violently. Suddenly he pulled it out of the boy's ass gruffly and mounted Terry's face in a kneeling position.

"You'd better clean it up with your tongue and wet it down a little better, kid!" He pushed it into the open and moaning mouth below him and began fucking the handsome young face as violently as he had his ass. Terry gagged slightly as he watched the moisture of his sex enter his sweet mouth and realized that he was actually sucking on such a huge tool. The man grabbed his blind curls and jerked his head back and forth forcing Terry to take the prick to the very base each time. Tom was so aroused that he almost forgot to get a picture but he did just before the man withdrew the long, thick prod and reentered it callously into the already sore asshole of the young captive beneath him. He rammed it sadistically against the sides of the boy's gut enjoying the tortured movements of his body as it twisted against each violent shove. Suddenly the movements increased in intensity and the man's eyes misted over with passion. He threw himself heavily against the helpless ass and fucked with all of his strength as Terry closed his eyes and groaned hopelessly. The orgasm came in gigantic gushes of hot semen. The guy moaned and shoved and twisted in ecstasy as the last few spurts flew into the teenager's asshole. Terry was getting a hard-on in spite of the pain and the guy's face lit up with surprise and elation. He withdrew from the slick hole quickly and buried his hot face in Terry's crotch sucking in the prick as he moved. He sucked rapidly and strongly, not giving Terry the chance to protest. Terry's eyes opened in wide-eyed surprise as the expert mouth brought him to the edge of the ejaculation and suddenly pulled off him. The warm juice shot up into the air and landed in wide splashes all over the front of Terry's sweaty body. A few shots even made it as high as his throat. The guy whistled as he watched the force of the climax with fascination. Even Tom, who had now moved in closer, was amazed at the force of his brother's climax. The man laughed coarsely as he took the palms of his hands and rubbed the sticky liquid all over the boy's panting chest and belly, even spreading it deliberately up into the hair of the armpits and down into the pubic hair, then onto the cock and balls. Then he took one wet, slick hand and swiped it across Terry's mouth.

"Just a little something to remember me by," he chuckled. The sound of it was evil and cold. Then he stood up and walked to the closet and pulled out a robe. His long cock swung heavily before him as he moved.

"Get dressed, kid," he called back over his shoulder. "I've got to go to work tomorrow and it's getting late!" Terry crawled painfully off of the bed and walked numbly into the living room where his clothes lay scattered at his brother's feet. Tom was just putting the camera back into the paper sack. He looked up with a smile as Terry shuffled in and bent over to grab his shorts. He was miserable and he just wanted

to cover his nakedness as quickly as he could and get out of here! As he raised back up with the shorts in his hand his face passed in front of his brother's crotch and he couldn't help but notice the immense bulge that was showing out from the inside of the trousers. He squeezed his eyes closed to shut out the sight of it. After he was dressed, the coating of cum all over the front of his body began to itch as it continued to dry. He had to piss, but he didn't want to do it here!

The older man walked into the room with a grin of satisfaction on his face. "Yes, sir! That was worth every penny of it, man, and if I was rich I'd give you a tip, kid." He slapped Terry's ass as he took the pictures from Tom's offering hand. He groaned as he looked at each one, remembering the actual experience and already beginning to feel the warm urge in his groin again. Tom quickly grabbed them back as he finished looking at the last one.

"I'll have copies made, man, and I'll bring you some prints," he said easily and the guy knew he'd never get copies but it had still been worth it. He reached into the pocket of his brown robe and pulled out a ten and two fives and handed them to Tom without any reluctance.

Terry stared in disbelief at what was happening right before his eyes and started to say something but he couldn't force the words past his lips. Not only had his brother forced him to allow this bastard to rape him, but he had accepted money for it! So that was it.

Tom accepted gratefully and hurriedly shoved the bills into his pants pocket. "Thanks. Hope you liked what you got."

The kid is fantastic. I've never had better out of a hustler!" He looked over at Terry and surveyed him up and down slowly as if in deep thought. "Listen, Tom, I know where you can probably pick up an extra hundred clams with your sex machine there! There's a group of guys that belong to the bike club, see, and they're always renting... I guess they call 'em 'slaves' for their get-togethers. Pretty rough, though!"

"Jesus, you cares, for that kind of money? Besides, the kid's big enough to handle himself, anyhow." He glanced over at Terry with approval in his eyes. The kid had withdrawn into himself and was once again staring at the floor, ignoring the whole conversation.

The man walked over to the table and hurriedly wrote a phone number on a slip of paper from a pad. He handed it to Tom and then ushered them toward the door anxiously. "Just tell 'em what you've got to offer and they'll name the price. It'll be worth your while to call, anyway." He slapped them both on the back as they left.

Terry refused to talk to Tom all the way home and Tom didn't really care. He was busy making plans for the future of his new business and he was excited as hell!

They hurried past the living room at home where the parents were watching television. Two small Tom exactly.

"Hi, we're home. I told you I'd get him back early." Tom waved to them as they hurried by the door.

"Have a good time, you two?"

"Great, Dad, just terrific. We both had a ball!" He patted Terry's ass as he walked behind the dejected boy. "Didn't we, baby?" he whispered hoarsely. He closed the bedroom door behind them and locked it immediately. Terry was sullen and refused to look at his brother as he proceeded to get undressed to take a shower. The dried cum was driving him crazy and he was sore all over. His asshole burned terribly from the torment it had endured earlier.

As Terry started for the bathroom his brother grabbed him by the arm. "Huh, uh...?" he took Terry's hand and pressed it up against his bulging crotch. "You were so fuckin' great that I got hotter than hell. Get down on your knees, you sexy little money-maker. I told you I never wanted to have to jerk myself again, remember?" His hands were busy undressing his levis. Soon the prick stood throbbing out in the open with lubricant oozing from the big head. Terry remained motionless and standing, just staring down at it dumbly. Tom grabbed his shoulders and pressed down heavily, forcing the boy to his knees. Terry was beaten and so damned tired and confused. He took the offered piece of male meat and sucked it obediently. Tom thought of the scenes of the guy fucking the kid and reached down and pulled the pictures from his pocket. As Terry lagged and sucked at his brother's hot prick, Tom examined the pictures closely and was a most immediately filing his brother's mouth with not, bitter wet gel. He grabbed the boy's head and fucked his face for the last few

strokes and when it was all over, he simply pulled his cock from the cum-smears and sat down heavily onto his own bed ignoring the still kneeling boy completely.

Terry stood up slowly and painfully as Tom reached into his pants pocket and pulled out the bills. He pulled out a five and handed it toward his dazed brother. "Here, kid, here's your cut. I don't want to leave you out of the money end of this bit." He forced it into Terry's reluctant hand and laid back on his bed with a long sigh. Terry crumpled the money disgustingly and dropped it to the floor.

When he came back from the shower, his brother was asleep, breathing loudly and deeply. The money was gone from the carpet. Terry finally succeeded, sometime during the small dark hours of the early morning, in getting himself to sleep but he had to jerk off to manage it.

CHAPTER THREE

Tom was already dressed and gone by the time Terry managed to force his aching body out of the warm bed the next morning. He frowned at the soreness that had spread all the way through his groin. As he gazed at himself in the bathroom mirror, he noticed that his lips were bruised around the edges from the man's heavy assault on his face or maybe from Tom's attack.

He showered again simply because mentally he felt dirty and contaminated and it seemed to revive his sagging spirits slightly. He dreaded the thought of going to school today, ever again in fact! He just didn't know if he was going to be able to sustain his studies with everything else that his mind was occupied with at the time. And he didn't relish facing the other kids. There was no telling what his stupid brother might do, he might even tell them. That would be just great, the campus queer!

He had just decided silently that if anyone else found out about him he'd simply run away from home when he suddenly got an idea. He began searching the bedroom inch by inch trying to find the brochure and the pictures his brother had taken the night before. He tore the room apart piece by piece. Nothing! Tom must have taken them with him at school! He was horrified at the possibility.

He was almost glad that he felt obligated to straighten everything up again. It kept him from having to leave for school. He took his time but it was still finished much too soon. He wandered down the hall and into the dining room. His mother was busy washing up a few dishes and his father had already left.

"Don't you feel good this morning, honey?" His mother looked at him with concern.

Terry dropped heavily into a chair. "Not too hot, Mom. Maybe I'm catching the flu or something." He rested his chin on his hand dejectedly. She came over to him drying her hands on her apron and felt his forehead.

"No fever. Maybe you're just tired. Your brother shouldn't have insisted on you going out with him last night."

He pretended to be hurt as she put his breakfast in front of him. He forced the food down bite by bite until his plate was clean. He was still hesitant to leave but finally he decided that it couldn't be put off any longer.

"If you don't feel better by noon, just come on home, Terry. We're forcing yourself. You won't earn anything in that condition, anyway!" She kissed him lightly on the forehead and he moved quickly away from her and grabbed his jacket from the front closet. He didn't want her to see the bruises on his mouth!

He didn't wait for the bus. Instead he walked the long route to the school building enjoying the warm sunshine and the smell of the freshly-trimmed lawns along the way. It was pleasant to be by himself for a change. Even before this new situation he'd felt trapped at always being forced to have Tom around all the time. As the school came into view his stomach tightened with apprehension. He had to face Tom, and anything else . . . he couldn't get out of it now. His first thought was to skip classes and go to a movie to hide for the rest of the day. He was already late, anyhow, but Tom would only tell his father and that would make going home unpleasant, too. He entered the front entrance and was immediately faced with the sight of Tom talking in the hall with another student,

Jack Turner. He was about the same calibre as Tom, a pushy loud-mouth! That super masculine ego trip again.

As he started to turn the corner to avoid meeting his brother, Terry looked at them once more and saw Jack grinning at him. He moved quickly toward his next class.

Tom took the pictures back from Jack and replaced them secretly in his pocket. Jack was still watching Terry as he walked quickly away from them.

"That would be kind of a groovy scene, man, especially during the week! These fuckin' days drag 'til the weekend." He looked at Tom and asked seriously. "Doesn't it ever bother you that your brother's a queer?"

"Not as long as the bread keeps rollin' in, baby!" Tom laughed at the expression on Jack's tanned face. "Forget it, man, I'm sure he enjoys it!" He looked around then furtively and added, "Well . . . are you gonna buy or no?"

Jack hesitantly pulled out his worn brown wallet from his levis and handed Tom an almost mutilated five dollar bill. "Are you sure he'll go through with it, without kickin' up a fuss, I mean. This is a pretty kinky scene, man!" Tom showed the bill into his pocket and nodded his head emphatically. "He'll go through with it, believe me. I've got him scared shitless! You just be in that last head on the right at the beginning of next period and don't sweat it!" Tom moved away quickly.

When Terry came out of English his brother was waiting in the hall for him. "You're going to skip your next class, kid." He took Terry lightly by the arm and started maneuvering him through the milling crowd toward the opposite end of the building.

"What the hell is going on, Tom?" Terry resisted their advance down the hallway. "What's your bright idea this time?" Tom tightened his grasp and frowned at him darkly.

"We've got another customer to service, punk, gotta keep going" during the week, too, ya' know!" They were almost at the restroom door.

"You've got to be kidding!" Terry's heart was in his throat and he spoke weakly. Tom showed him through the door as he took a last look around furtively. Then he followed his brother into the john.

The boy's pulse pounded in fear as he entered the room to face Jack who stood grinning at him nervously as he sat on the edge of a sink. "Hi, sweetheart . . . Ready to suck a real man's cock, huh?"

Terry turned hastily to leave but Tom blocked his way and whirled him back around to face the other boy.

"I saw your pictures baby, real pretty. You must be damned good." His grin was now a cold smile.

"You . . . you didn't show him those pictures!" Terry's face was white with panic.

"Better to show them around here than to show them at home, right?" He shoved Terry toward the empty stall. "Besides, it's good for business. Now get your ass in there and do as you're told, punk!" Tom motioned for Jack to follow his brother in. "I'll stand guard . . . just in case."

Jack closed the door behind them and turned the lock. He reached down and lowered the lid on the toilet and pushed Terry down onto it roughly. He was still smiling as he unbuttoned his fly.

"No . . . please . . . you don't know what you're doing . . . please!"

"Shut up and eat me, you pretty faced cocksucker. How do ya' like that hunk of meat, baby . . . like it . . . do ya?" He pulled his penis clear down to his knees and lifted the front of his shirt out of the way. Terry stared at the short but very thick prick helplessly. "Come on, kid . . . get with it . . . I've already paid for it!" He reached out and pulled the boy's head toward his crotch by the ears. It hurt and Terry moved as he was being directed without hesitation. As his lips closed around the big head Jack let out a groan of pleasure and started moving his hips in a fucking motion.

"Suck harder, damn it. Don't just lick it!" He forced the shaft further into the boy's mouth as Terry tried to increase the pressure. He just wanted to get it over with as quickly as possible.

Jack pulled the throbbing cock out of his busy mouth and raised up on his toes. "Better suck my nuts for awhile, beautiful. It'll make me cum faster." They were large and pendulous and swung heavily with his movements. Terry sucked one large ball into his warm mouth and caressed it as gently as he

could with his tongue. It was an odd sensation and it didn't make him want to gag like sucking a prick did. Jack reached behind his head and pulled his face in tight between his legs. Take em both baby both at once. He continued his right fucking movements as Terry did what he was told. He had to strain to open his mouth wide enough to suck on both of them at the same time and he could imagine what would happen to him if he accidentally hurt this guy's balls!

"Oh, Jeez!" Jack moved quickly and pulled his nuts out of the kid's mouth in a panic. He shoved his prick roughly back into Terry's open mouth and began to pump harder. He groaned and flexed his muscles while he started to shoot his load into the wet opening. It started small and then the shots got bigger and more forceful. He looked down at Terry's face and noticed seeing the bass up wrapped around his meat. He grabbed the back of his head again and pulled it all the way down on the ramming tool. His nuts were contracting in spasms as the juice continued to flow, causing Terry to choke.

"Ahhh... man, that was terrific! I needed it so fuckin' bad." He continued moving the slick tool in and out slowly even after he'd finished shooting his load. He just wanted to continue the feeling for a little while longer. Just before he pulled it out he shoved it forward, sadistically jabbing against the very back of the kid's throat. He pulled it out without another word. The door closed behind him and Terry just kept sitting on the commode, his eyes filled with tears from the final shock and the gagging. Jack winked at Tom as he ran a comb through his hair in front of the mirror.

"You like..." Tom smiled at him wickedly.
"You better believe it, man. You ever get any of that stuff yourself?" He put the dirty comb back into his pocket.

"I broke his cherry in the first place. You're damned right I get my share of it!"

Tom rolled his eyes and whistled as he headed for the exit. He was gone before he could hear Terry starting to vomit into the stool.

"What the hell's going on in there?" demanded Tom angrily. There was no answer, just the retching. He shoved open the door and saw his brother with his head bent low over the bowl. "Oh, come off it, kid. It couldn't have been that bad!" Terry just nodded his head miserably. His face was flushed from the strain of throwing up. "Oh, fuck it!" His brother slammed the door behind him. "I'll see you later."

Terry's stomach slowly regained its stability and he kneeled there for a few more minutes to make sure he was all through. Then he peeked out to make sure no one else was in the restroom and went to the basin to wash his face with cold water. As he ran his comb through his blond waves, his entire body bubbled with a curious mixture of violent hatred for his brother and shame for what he was being forced to do. It was absolutely alone... and hopelessly trapped. His brother enjoyed even more as he realized his own cop out. Somehow he'd enjoyed it and that was even worse!

The temptation to go home was almost overwhelming as he pushed and shoved his way through the crowd toward the gym. At least he wanted to take one lap around the track to work off some of his frustration. Normally he disliked sports of any kind but today he needed something to do, something to take his mind off the situation. He walked to the track and felt good. He liked the feeling of the wind in his hair, but after only one lap he decided that he'd had it. He was panting hard as he entered the locker room to take a shower. He felt better, more relaxed than he had in days. He entered the shower and found three other boys already there, soaping themselves down. He almost turned back but thought better of it. He didn't really know any of them, anyway. He picked a shower far back in the corner away from the others and turned his back to them. He reached for the bar of soap and jumped as he felt a hand against his wet buttocks. He turned with a startled expression on his face.

"Hi, Terry." The other three had all gathered around him, trapping him into the corner. They were watching as the first boy continued to run his hand over his smooth ass. "Your brother tells me that you like to... uh... how shall we say it... suck cock and even get fucked up the ass... for the right price, eh?" He reached around before Terry could reply and grabbed his cock.

"Yeah. We couldn't raise five bucks between us," another

voice said menacingly. But then we figured that you might consider giving us a little sample for free."

The first boy started pulling the shocked and almost petrified Terry from his corner by the dick. He had a good grip and Terry's feet slid along the floor as the kid pulled him physically toward the center of the tiled room. His shower was still running in the corner. Another boy reached out and grabbed his nipple, twisting it viciously. She laughed as Terry lost his balance and fell on top of the center drain.

"I don't know what the hell you guys are talking about. Now leave me alone before I call the coach!" He tried not to show his fright as he fought to regain his feet, but one muscular boy sat down hard on his belly, pinning him to the floor. Another kid grabbed his legs and raised them up into the air poking at Terry's asshole with his big toe.

"I'll bet that's a good piece of ass, guys. Pretty, too, don't you think?" The first boy sat up and planted himself firmly against his balls. He winced at the painful pressure and there was more laughter.

"Want to sample my cock, do ya?" The boy that was sitting on him pulled his head forward and raised up on his knees. He pushed his semi-hard prick up against Terry's lips. He tried to get away but the other boys started wrestling at it, trying to get it hard. It soon bulged firm and thick, filling the palm that held it.

"Look at the size of the baby's whang!" chided a boyish voice.

Terry started to yell for help but when he opened his mouth to cry out the cock slipped in quickly and the grip on his head tightened.

"Suck it, baby. Show us what you can do." The boy was breathing hard. Someone grabbed his hands and pinned them behind his back as he attempted to shove the intruder off of his chest. The kid was inexperienced and started getting his rocks off almost immediately. The warm juice flowed slowly into Terry's mouth.

"Swallow it, queer. I want you to swallow every fucking drop!" He pushed the slender piece of hard meat in and out rapidly as Terry still attempted to pull away from it. "God-damn! It'd be worth five bucks. I can guarantee that!" He pulled his dick from the boy's mouth and stood up, looking down at the kid scornfully.

The grip on his hands was broken and suddenly he was flipped over onto his belly, hitting his chin sharply on the hard tile floor. It was cold and he felt like a stupid ass to be in this position.

The boy who had already reached a climax in his mouth sat down on the wet floor in front of his face and grabbed his hair. Terry's brother walked over and pulled his arms straight out above his head and held them there. He felt a weight land on his back and a hand fumbling for his asshole. A bar of soap was rubbed between the cheeks until the crack was covered with white foam. He protested pleadingly as a cock forced its way into the opening, inching its way up into his intestines. Someone behind him groaned with pleasure as Terry's tight muscle wrapped itself around the unwelcome prick.

"Cut it out, man! I told you to leave me alone." He yelped as someone bit him on the back painfully. "You're going to be in deep trouble for doing this. I promise you I'll rack your asses for it!" The cock continued its brutal assault on his already tortured asshole ignoring his threats. The attacker grunted as he started to cum.

"What the hell do you guys think you're doing in here?" The voice was deep and masculine and spoke with authority.

The kid who had been pulled off of Terry's back had already started ejaculating just before the surprise intrusion and he felt stupid and embarrassed as his cum continued shooting out onto Terry's bare back and the cheeks of his ass right in front of the coach's feet.

"Just... just having a little fun... with this queer, Coach." The answer was feeble and childish.

"Get the fuck out of here all of you! I could have you all kicked out of school for this, maybe worse!" He kicked one of them in the ass as they ran from the shower room in panic. None of them said anything as they made their hasty escape. Terry heard lockers being opened and slammed in quick succession out in the other room. He looked gratefully up at the tall, muscular man towering above him. It was Coach Jordan,

his tanned, well-developed body wrapped in a towel. His features were rugged and masculine with brown wavy hair above deep green eyes. Terry had often had sex fantasies about him while he was jerking off at home. Suddenly he felt foolish lying there on the floor in front of the handsome man.

"Let's get you cleaned up, Terry." He reached down and held out his hand for Terry to grab. He smiled warmly at the boy as he pulled him up from the cold floor. "Take care of those punks tomorrow, I promise." He led Terry to the shower which was still flowing and washed his back gruffly with soap. His big hands almost covered Terry's back when they were spread open. He moved them down and washed the foam off of the boy's buttocks without a second thought. "There, you finish up and meet me in my office when you're through." Terry knew his hair was damp, soapy. He turned and left the shower, his wet towel clinging to his muscular ass as he walked away.

Terry hurried through the rest of his shower and grabbed a clean, fluffy towel from the stack by the door. He wrapped it nervously around his hips and knocked on the frosted glass of the Coach's private office.

"It's open, Terry. Just come on in!" The coach was sitting in his wooden desk chair checking over a football schedule for later in the season. "Sit down, son." He motioned to another chair by the side of the desk. He folded the ledger closed and turned slightly in his chair to face Terry as he sat down. He was still wrapped in a towel and the boy couldn't help but notice that it wasn't wide enough to cover the big man's genitals completely. His eyes kept wandering down to the monstrous testicles that hung so low beneath the edge of the cloth that they rested heavily on the chair seat...

The man's deep, green eyes stared at him somberly from beneath heavy brows. He gazed into Terry's face for a few moments and then spoke in a low, gravelly voice. "You're Terry, right?" His voice was quiet and soothing but so deep that it almost caused the room to vibrate.

Terry gulped as he stole another glance at the man's crotch and then forced his eyes up and away from the disconcerting sight. He cleared his throat nervously. "Well, Mr. Jordan..."

"Just Bob, for right now."

"Well, they cornered me in the shower, caught me by surprise and they... did it to me, that's all there is to it!" He lowered his head in shame and humiliation and studied his fingernails.

"I heard what they were saying, Terry. I'm interested about your being different, I mean?" The eyes still pierced him as he looked up reluctantly.

"My dear, about your being a... being a queer? He almost choked on the words and had to fight back the tears that were rising in his eyes. "I don't know, Coach. I don't want to cry in front of this man... He just couldn't!"

"If that's the word you prefer to use, son." He reached out and pulled a cigarette out of a pack on the desk and lit it. He nodded his head, surprised at the invitation. It was against school rules to smoke on campus.

"That's the word they always use, anyway... and I... I just don't know... what I am right now. I'm so damned confused... and ashamed!" He lowered his head again completely overcome with misery and self-pity.

"Well, you have plenty of time to decide what you are, Terry. You're young yet." He took a drag on the cigarette. "And if you are a homosexual, what's so wrong about that? A lot of people are, you know." He kept his eyes on the boy's handsome head. "It's not as bad as you'd prefer to believe."

"Oh, God... you don't know, Coach... Bob... you just can't imagine what it's like sometimes... I don't either until... until..."

"Until what?" The coach took a deep breath and the tucked in corner of the towel pulled loose and slipped down slightly over his crotch.

"Oh... nothing... just some problems I'm having, that's all. It's not worth discussing, really!"

The big, beautiful man stood up slowly and stretched his arms above his head. He stood six feet three in his bare feet and he looked every inch of it. Terry stared in fascination as the loose towel slid softly to the floor, revealing the teacher's gigantic prick. He gaped in wonder at the long, fat instrument that was hanging limply against the even longer sack of balls.

He ached to reach over and touch them, just touch them.

The big man walked over to the office door and snapped the lock into place. Then he walked around the corner of the desk and stood in front of the dazed and flustered young boy. He looked down at him seriously for a moment and then dropped to his knees in front of Terry, resting an arm on each of his knees. "And as for not knowing what it's like to be a homosexual, Terry." He reached out and tugged lightly at Terry's towel until it pulled away leaving him naked and exposed. His mouth just brushed his tit as the coach lowered his head into his warm, pinkish boy's crotch. It was a jolt of electric current that shot through Terry's body at the initial contact. He stared down at the back of the big, handsome head in absolute disbelief. The man's tongue shot out, licking the head of his dick slowly, tenderly. There was no urgency in his movements. Slowly, easily he sucked the boy's soft prick up into his hot mouth and began working at it slowly, sucking it up into a rigid condition within a minute. Neither one of the two men made a single sound and Terry caught himself holding his breath. The big, gentle hands tenderly caressed his hips and thighs, the head started moving capriciously up and down the entire length of the boy's pulsing prick. It alternated with rotations and the suction was so great that Terry winced uncontrollably. He trembled as the fingers wandered up to his naked chest and began brushing against his nipples, teasing them softly.

Suddenly Terry couldn't help emitting a loud moan of delight as he felt the hot cum begin to rush toward the end of his dick and out in hot gushes into Bob's eager mouth. The big man seemed to draw it out hungrily and swallowed with perfect timing sending Terry into a fit of passion. Fingers played lightly with his balls causing the spurts of semen to exit with greater force as he reached the end of his load. The warm, wet mouth continued to work until the boy's breathing slowed to nearly a standstill against the back of the chair exhausted and drained. He ran his fingers idly through the hair below him almost tenderly.

Bob removed his wet lips from the slick cock and worked it slowly, beginning at the very base-end bringing the final bit of cum up to the surface until it rested like a drop of rain on the very top of the swollen head. He reached out his tongue and wiped it off, smearing it over the surface of his own mouth. "That's it, Terry. That's it. Terry's face and looked at the boy warmly. Neither of them said a word for a very long moment. They just sat looking into each other's eyes quietly. Bob's full, handsome mouth glistened invitingly and Terry leaned forward and down, pressing his own mouth softly against the other's. They held the contact for what seemed like an eternity and then Bob eased his big frame to the foot slowly. His cock was fully erect and the size of it startled Terry. He had the sudden urge to reach out and take hold of it, imagined it in his mouth, if he could even get it past his teeth! He put his hand out hesitantly.

"Huh uh. Some other time, love." Bob reached down and gently pushed his hand away from the awesome instrument. "You're not ready to tackle this one, yet, believe me!" He pulled Terry's head up against his hard, flat stomach and squeezed him for a few seconds. Then he picked up his towel and covered his nakedness. "And so much for being a homosexual." He smiled down at Terry and reached out, tousling his curls. "You're a beautiful boy, Terry, and you've got intelligence on top of it. You're going to find places in this world. Don't worry about the other stuff!"

Terry sat up and stared at the coach with a modesty as Bob bent over the desk and scribbled something on a note pad. He ripped off the sheet and handed it to Terry.

"That's my home number, Terry. Don't ever be afraid to call me if you run into something you can't handle by yourself, we all need a friend now and then."

Terry hummed to himself as he dressed and left the gymnasium feeling completely alive. His body tingled as he went toward his last class. He glanced at his watch and broke into a run. It was Math and he was bad enough in it already! He smiled to himself as he thought of Coach Jordan. God! What a beautiful man.

Tom was waiting for him outside the classroom, leaning against the wall like a street punk. Terry almost laughed as he caught sight of him.

"I hear you've been giving it away to customers for free. I don't like that." Terry said at Terry menacingly.

"Go fuck yourself, Dum Dum. I'll see you at home after school!" He brushed past his brother and closed the door in his face. He took his seat quietly and glanced at the door. Tom was glaring at him through the small glass square. Terry shot him the high sign with his middle finger and returned to his textbook calmly. Tom fled down the hall in a violent rage.

After dinner that night Terry joined his parents in front of the TV set deliberately to avoid his brother who had been fuming through the entire meal. Somehow they seemed glad for his company for a change and the conversation was friendly and relaxed. He watched the tube blindly, not really caring what was on the screen. He felt warm and relaxed. Finally the ultimate hour came and his father looked seriously at his wrist watch and then over at Terry who was sitting on the floor leaning against the couch.

"Time for bed, Terry." His father spoke firmly. He never tolerated any disagreement.

Terry rose and kissed his mother goodnight. He waved casually to his dad and went to his bedroom. He stood hesitantly before the closed door and felt the cold breath of fear for the first time in many hours. It had been so easy up to this point, but now there was no escaping Tom's wrath. He took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

"Look it behind you, little brother!" Tom sat on the edge of his bed completely nude and glaring at him with ferocity. "It must be ten o'clock, huh? I knew you couldn't wait to fly to my loving arms!"

Terry looked puzzled as he noticed the neckties from the closet tied to the legs of his bed. He looked up into his brother's cold face questioninglly.

Oh, those! Just a little training session on to get you in shape for the weekend, baby! I have a little party lined up for you and before you can refuse, let me show you something!" He rose, cock swinging between his muscular legs, and walked over to his pants which were thrown carelessly on top of the dresser. He reached into a rear pocket and pulled out a thick white envelope. He opened it and tossed the contents on top of his own bed. There were dozens of copies of his Polaroid prints.

"One of the boys in the photography class did them for me. You're gonna give him a piece of your ass in payment!" He gathered the prints up hastily. "I can scatter them all over the city if I really want to!" He smiled tensely at Terry, waiting for his reaction.

"Tom, please don't carry this any further, please!"

"Fuck off, baby brother! You're just beginning to pay off. I wouldn't want to ruin your 'reputation' at this stage of the game!" He looked at Terry with malice in his burning eyes. "Get your ass over here and lay down on the bed, you bastard! I'll teach you to pass out my merchandise for nothing!"

Somehow Terry realized that he was not to be fooled with right now and fearfully made his way to the single bed. He stood hesitantly, waiting. Tom stood silently, enjoying his misery.

"Strip." The order was crisp and flatly delivered. He obeyed instantly but nervously. His clothes soon formed a small heap on the floor between the beds. "Lie down on your back!" Tom's face was as strained as his voice. A certain madness seemed to have possessed him. And, as Terry glanced at the bedside table he understood why. The remains of two marijuana cigarettes nestled their brown, cold shapes against the table top. He shivered without knowing why. He laid down on the bed as he had been ordered to do.

"I made a phone call today and there's going to be a beer bash for a certain club this weekend and you're gonna be the guest of honor!" Tom reached down and grabbed the loose end of a tie and wrapped it around his brother's ankle tightly, tying it into a knot. "And believe it or not, you are beginning to pay off! It'll bring me about a hundred smackers for one day's work but you need a little conditioning first!" He soon had Terry spread-eagled on top of the bed, each limb secured much too tightly by a necktie. He walked to the boy's head and wrapped the full length of another tie several times around his head and in between his lips. He stood back with a stoned smile and surveyed his captive. His cock began to swell and rise. He went to the closet and brought back a wide black leather belt. He stood brandishing the belt in the air with a loud swish and relishing his brother's discomfort with obvious pleasure.

Suddenly he brought the wide band of heavy leather down across Terry's belly with a loud crack. The restrained body flexed and arched in pain, causing Tom's dick to shoot into an upright position instantly. He lashed the instrument of torture across the bare skin again and again, smiling as he worked. All of a sudden he mounted the bed and sat directly on Terry's muffled mouth.

"Now, at the party, you'll probably be free to eat a few strange assholes but right now I can't afford the extra noise!" He turned the belt around and brought the heavy buckle down smartly across Terry's helplessly exposed nuts causing the boy to buck and twist violently. A muffled grunt escaped from beneath the gag and Terry's eyes misted over with excruciating pain. The vicious attack continued for several minutes as Terry fought to control the urge to throw up from the pain that reached his whirling brain from below his waist. Tom moved from his face-staring position and buried his mouth against Terry's tits. He bit and chewed furiously as he yanked painfully at his brother's big balls. Suddenly he stopped and groaned loudly. He quickly straddled his brother's hips with his knees and started beating his meat hard and fast. Almost immediately the seething sperm splashed against the boy's naked body in large spats. Tom aimed exuberant y at his face and a gush of it landed in Terry's wide and staring eyes. He squeezed them tightly shut against the burning that followed.

He rubbed the cum from his eyes as quickly as he could and opened them to find his brother still standing beside the bed, belt in hand and staring dumbly at his brother's naked chest.

"And you'd better heal up those marks before Saturday, little buddy! If you fuck up your chance at a hundred bucks I'll ruin you for life!" He crawled under the covers and reached up to snap off the bedside lamp leaving Terry standing in the darkness. From the darkness Terry heard him add "And no jerkin' off, either. I don't even want you touching your own prick, except to take a piss!"

Terry got into bed still shaky from the experience he had just been put through. The only way he was finally able to drift off into an uneasy sleep was by imagining himself wrapped safely in the couch's strong, sheltering arms and he smiled through most of the long night.

to be continued...

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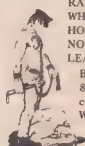
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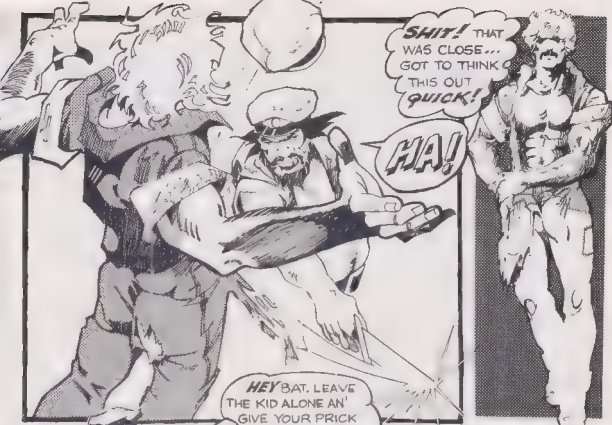
DON'T YOU WANT A PIECE OF HIS TAIL?

GET RID OF HIM, CASS!

I'VE FINISHED ON THE KID - FOR NOW - BAT, YOU SHOOT HIM YOUR LOAD! I'LL FIX THIS NOSEY PRICK...

C'MON, TRY AND STOP OLD BAT WORK ON THE KID... WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WITHOUT BALLS!

LET HIM HAVE IT, TUB!



HEY BAT. LEAVE
THE KID ALONE AN'
GIVE YOUR PRICK
A REST...WE NEED
SOME HELP WTH
THIS DUDE!



CAN'T TACKLE ALL THREE
AT ONCE-MAYBE I CAN SEPARATE
THEM-GET THEM TO CHASE ME
AROUND THIS SERVICE STATION.
PERHAPS THEY WILL SPLIT UP
AND THEN...



DRUMMER 60





I HOPE THAT
KID REALISES
WHAT I'M DOING
FOR HIM AS SOME
PEOPLE WOULD
PAY GOOD MONEY
TO HAVE DONE TO
THEM WHAT
HE'S JUST
BEEN
THROUGH.

GET AFTER
THE BASTARD!
STOP HIM!

...DON'T LET HIM GET
AWAY, YOU JERKS! HE'LL GO
TO THE COPS... CATCH HIM...
I'LL BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF
HIM... I'LL MAKE HIM EAT
HIS BALLS!



WE'LL SPLIT UP...
FIRST ONE WHO
SPOTS HIM, SHOUTS
FOR THE OTHERS...
HE WON'T GET
AWAY FROM ME
AGAIN!

CASS...YOU
TRY THE
SERVICE
AREA..

BAT-THE
WORKSHOP.

I'LL SEARCH
THE MAIN
BUILDING!

I NEED MY BRAINS TESTING...
WHY DON'T I JUST GET ON MY
BIKE AND FUCK OFF AND
LEAVE THESE ASSHOLES TO
DO WHAT THEY LIKE...

ROOTSTEPS...
PRICK NUMBER
ONE COMING UP...



TO BE CONTINUED...

DRUMMER Views The Flicks

Outlaw Blues

Peter Fonda is becoming a trial and a tribulation, rather like the "runt of the litter" from whom one secretly expects so much but who disappointingly turns out to be nothing more than just that: the underendowed runt of the litter. From *Tammy* and *The Doctor through The Wild Angels* and *The Trip to Italy*, *Crazy Larry* and *Killer Force* (no, I'm not forgetting *Easy Rider*), Fonda's film has revealed little more than opportunism (desperation?) in his choice of roles, chronically unable to define a consistent filmic image.

And now comes Warner Brothers' *Outlaw Blues*, in which, off all things, he essays the role of a would-be country-western star, slammer-honed a la Johnny Cash (location shots courtesy Huntsville Prison), seeking revenge against the reigning genre singer (James Callahan, of all people) who ripped-off his top forties tune. To make matters insufferably worse, he is partnered on his vendetta by that neo-Sandy Dennis, Susan Saint James, who manages to provide three facial expressions and four vocal quirks for every one that Fonda lacks.

This is a Production of Fred Weintraub and Paul Heller, those nice kids who take pride in having introduced the martial arts film to America (*Enter the Dragon*), bombastically directed by Richard T. Heffron, late of political film commercials and TV movies. The line producer is named as former gofer Steve Tisch who, at 23 having boldly suggested Columbia become involved in *Tammy*, has developed the peripatetic reputation as an expert in the "youth market."

Well, put them all together and they spell O-U-T-L-A-W B-L-U-E-S, filmed on location in San Antonio and Austin, Fonda, on the lam (yawn), teams up with Susan "the Saint must be speled out in full whenever it appears in copy" James, a houseboat dweller who is supposed to know how to create a hit song and make (i) a star. Therefore, she devises a series of perilous promotional stunts which keep them constantly in the news and on the run.

There follow some standard chase sequences, coordinated by Carey Loftin, a veteran stuntman who knows how to crash cars and smash up speedboats as well as anybody in the business. We are treated to such cultural watersheds as a police car catapulting into the air and landing on the back of a truck loaded with pumpkins, a speeding motorcycle winding up as a decoration on a wedding cake, and a streamlined speedboat careening over the top of a 150-foot dam.

So there you are. The most infor-

mative (by default) comment on this whole enterprise is Warner's red-white-and-blue Press Kit, which although it even includes a two-page bio on the aforementioned Loftin, grudgingly credits writer B. W. L. Norton only in passing.

Ed Franklin

Sidewinder One



Sidewinder One, the first feature film on the thrilling and fast-moving sport, motocross racing, is the story of a professional, if somewhat threadbare, motocross team made up of a veteran biker (Michael Parks) and a young hotshot (Marjoe Gortner). It opens with Parks being injured in an international race. Enter the villain (Alex Cord), who introduces himself as an industrialist looking for a team to test a new motocross bike (*Sidewinder One*). Parks is less than impressed and stalls, but later makes a deal so that he owns a percentage of the new bike for developing it.

You can take it from there, throwing in Cord's socialite sister (Susan Howard) and a few other bikers who can get creamed and/or killed without diminishing the ranks of our heroic twosome. As for Parks and Gortner, Newman and Redford they're not, nor Gable and Tracy, nor even Harris and Frank. With two such self-absorbed performers, the "chemistry" just doesn't work.

What does work, however, is the sheer excitement of the races, splendidly photographed by Dennis Dalzell at motocross tracks across the Southwest and in Europe, the bulk of the action taking place amid the scenic wonders outside Taos, N.M., where the major track used

in the film is located. To get these action sequences, Producer Elmo Williams brought in outstanding motocross riders from throughout the Southwest to take part in the races set up by director Earl Bellamy, who worked from the script of Tom McMahon and Nancy Voyles Crawford.

A large number of professional stuntmen were utilized for the races, along with the probikers, to give the film added authenticity. For one scene, three riders sail 40 feet side-by-side during a race. For another, Williams created a huge mud hole that was certain to play havoc with the riders. The first wave of bikes hit the water and send up a cascade of blinding muck and mire into the faces and machines of those in trail.

Cycles and men tumble in all directions as the bikers continue to plunge into the chaos at full speed, hoping to barrel their way through. Bikes and men are hurled into the muddy water with wild abandon. Some bikers try desperately to right their machines and get them restarted, but the muck takes its toll and makes it almost impossible. It is a measure of the emphasis in the film that one feels sorrier for the machines than for their riders.

Ed Franklin

Viva Knievel!

First of all, let me make perfectly clear that "Viva Knievel!" is not the autobiography of Evel (Robert Craig) Knievel — George Hamilton did that bit some several years ago. However, the erstwhile daredevil does play himself, so that what you end up with is a factual character placed in a fictional situation. Very odd...Very odd.

Secondly, let me emphasize the fictional aspect of this Norman Katkov-Antonio Santolan screenplay. Bizarre as himself, Knievel is the prize in a casino plot to smuggle narcotics into the United States by using the cyclist's truck-trailer as a courier for the drugs. Gene Kelly (oh, wow) stars as Knievel's friend and confidant while former fash on model Lauren Hutton appears as a free-lance photographer on assignment to shoot the motorcycle marvel.

Red Buttons is a sleazy promoter out for a fast buck, and others rounding out the cast include Leslie Nielsen, Cameron Mitchell, Eric Olson, Frank Gifford, Albert Salmi, and Marjoe Gortner (again). So much talent could only go so wrong here in Hollywood, U. S. A.

Meant to be a tale of intrigue, action, and adventure, the film is only a pale melodrama, fitfully brought to life by Knievel's sensational motorcycle leaps — all, thanks to the magic of the silver screen, considerably more successful than his recent misadventures over a tankful of sharks and across Snake River Canyon. A case of real-life vs. reel-life that needs no further explication.

The picture is a Warner Bros. film in association with Sherrill C. Corwin. Corwin is executive producer and Dan Hough is producer. Gordon Douglas

directed. And to think, they could have been brushing up on their backgammon!

-Ed Franklin

New York, NY



Given the uneasily transparent parallels, one cannot help but conjecture what part her mother's *non parelli* realization of *A Star Is Born* had on Liza Minnelli's performance in *New York, New York*. The empirical evidence, incontrovertibly, is there — as Liza matures, both the look and the vocal quality more and more approach Judy's. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, yet as inevitable as genetic conditioning.

Despite an impressive effort by Robert De Niro as a saxophone player, this is Liza's film from start to finish, and your tolerance of it rests utterly on how you feel about her. Of the generation that virtually sanctifies Judy, this reviewer has his reservations. Not that there is any faulting the daughter's larger-than-life-size talents: it's just that the nature, the essence, of those talents are unsettling, especially when showcased in a vehicle with such blatant overtones of the mother's career and style.

New York is a "romantic musical drama" written by Earl Mac Rauch and Mardik Martin (from a story by Rauch) around the struggling careers of a young danceband vocalist (not named Mrs. Norman Main) and the saxophone player who falls in love with her. It is a Robert Chartoff/Irwin Winkler (*Rocky*) production, directed by Hollywood's hottest young Turk, Martin (*Mean Streets*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, *Taxi Driver*) Score: C-

A beautifully mounted production (credit Harry R. Kemm and Boris Leven), shot entirely on sound stages and back lots, *New York, New York* opens at the close of World War II when the big bands were at their peak, and pays nostalgic tribute to that era by providing us with a couple dozen songs made famous by the likes of Glenn Miller, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, and Benny Goodman. The story moves on into the changing tempo of the 1950s, with four splendid new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb (of *Cabaret* fame) providing a kind of musical

"bridge."

This blend of music is an appropriate accompaniment to the basic story line, which has gal singer Liza skyrocketing to the top while sax player De Niro restively waits for public taste to catch up with his new "bebop" style. Along the way, there is some fine character work by Lionel Stander as an agent and Barry Primus as a piano player who eventually takes over the band. Mary Kay Place (*Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*) has a nice bit as a band vocalist who tries to replace the irreplaceable Liza.

The fitful pace of this United Artists release must be blamed on *Scorcese*, despite rumors that the current 155 minutes of running time were cut down from four hours of initial answer print. Unexplained gaps in the continuity would tend to support this theory, although they are easily forgotten during the film's final 20 minutes which feature the leading songstress in a concert turn of one extravagant production number after another. As noted above, it takes a heap of Liza-Lovin' to make *New York, New York* an unalloyed delight.

Ed Franklin

Thunder and Lightning

Into the 1977 Worst-Actor-of-the-Year Sweepstakes now plunges David Carradine in *Thunder and Lightning*, hard on the bare heels of Nick Nolte (*The Deep*) and John Beck (*The Other Side of Midnight*). Nick and John can relax, however. David has an essential presence that supercedes his minimal talent and leaves the race a dead heat between those other two director's automatons. He comes in, at best, a distant third.

Thunder and Lightning is one of those films patronizingly aimed at the drive-in trade of rural America who only require occasional stretches of extreme violence to distract their minds and eyes from other more immediate pursuits. It is based on the premise that if one car-crunching chase is good, three triples the favorable odds. Ditto dirty hand-to-hand combat, especially when you have a leading man renowned for his skill in the martial arts (so much gristlier in tiresomely familiar slow motion).

For the record, *Thunder and Lightning* is your standard deep south moonshine caper, pitting the rebellious outsider in reluctant battle against corrupt local politicians and grantees. Carradine, sick-kicked with angelic Kate Jackson, takes up the cudgel to defend two independent still operators (Sterling Holloway and Pat Cranshaw provide comedy relief as octagenarian brothers) against the evil manipulations of villains Roger C. Carmel, Ed Barth, and George Murdock.

This textbook study in clichés first came about when Producer Roger Corman happened upon William Hjortsberg's screenplay and was "delighted, because it



combined rugged action with comedy and colorful characters." So much for the insight of a producer who, prior to this Twentieth Century Fox tie-in, elevated gore to the status of a minor art form. Director Corey Allen's primary contribution was to change the original locale from overworked Georgia to the less familiar Florida Everglades, enabling some innovative mayhem through the use of water skiffs.

Again, stuntmen are the unsung heroes in what, more than anything else, is a glorified destruction derby. Carradine not only takes his lumps, including having his shirt ripped off before being hog-tied and gagged with tape, but contrives to give out with a few, not excepting forcing one hulking villain to take off his pants before strapping him up by the ankles. The motivation for the de-pantsing episode is as obscure as the reason for that long earring which dangles provocatively from Carradine's left lobe.

If ever the MPAA Rating system were to be questioned, now is the time. *Thunder and Lightning*, despite bare female breasts, obscene language, excessive violence, and the uplifting rear view of Carradine "taking a leak," is rated PG! It's truly a bafflement.



THE STORY OF 'Q'

Robert
Payne



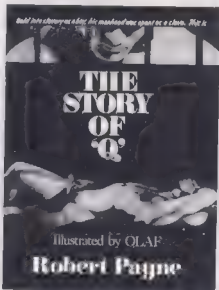
"THE STORY OF 'Q' could be called a male version of the long-suppressed French classic "Story of 'O'". It is the tale of a boy in an undisclosed part of the world (presumably southern Europe) who was sold by his parents at sixteen into slavery. Passed on from one owner to another, 'Q' is sold, rented, abused, branded, tattooed and humiliated. He becomes merely a property, a commodity for profit and/or passion. He is ultimately the personification of man's inhumanity to man. There is symbolism to be found everywhere in 'Q's story. He is representative, perhaps, of all of us—as are his tormentors.

This new version of "THE STORY OF 'Q'" has been rewritten, re-edited and was two full years in the making. The illustrations by San Francisco artist, Olaf, took much of that time. At the book's center is a four-page fold-out, presumably for framing. Graphically, it is a beautiful effort and stands muscular head-and-shoulders above most of its contemporary genre.

'Q's story divides love from passion, selfless giving from mere servitude. It is a sadly beautiful story, erotic as all hell, but with power and dignity. As with the poor children of Dickens' era, who were told to "go out and play" and couldn't, because they didn't know how, 'Q' becomes so dependant on



being owned by another that he can face no other existence. There are periods in which he is the actual owner in the master/slave relationship. Yet greed and expediency win out and 'Q' is again put on the block. Of all the relationships explored in "THE STORY OF 'Q'", only the subject holds true to his reason for being.



"THE STORY OF 'Q'" is 8 1/2" x 11", 68 pages on heavy book stock. Slick cover with all original illustrations by Olaf. Cover price is \$10 and is available from The Emporium, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. Suite 219, Box 112, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

"THERE I WAS, ON THE CAN,
STRETCHING MY NEW BUDDY

STRETCH ARMSTRONG

AS PER THE INSTRUCTIONS, I
FIGURED THIS WOULD SAVE
WEAR AND TEAR ON MY COCK
AS WELL AS WHILE THE TIME
AWAY.

It's my own can (and my cock)
so I guess I can do anything I want.
There wasn't anybody else around,
anyway. STRETCH is kind of a
good looking stud, small but pretty
athletic. While there are things he
can't do, there are a lot of things he
can, like grow faster than any afore-
mentioned cock. Anyway, here's
what happened . . .

NEVER MIND WHAT
I AIN'T GOT. LET'S
SEE WHAT YOU GOT "

GET
OUTTA
THERE!"

"SONOFABITCH!
THIS THING'S BIGGER
THAN I AM."

"OK, SMARTASS
WHILE YOU'RE DOWN
THERE "



"NO KISSING.
I'M NOT THAT
SORT OF A BOY!"

"PLEASE, I THINK
I'M IN LOVE!" "LEGGOI!"

"NOW, HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE IT UP YOUR "

"JUST 'CAUSE
MY NAME'S
STRETCH "

"... DON'T MEAN
I CAN - HEY!
WHAT IS THIS?"

"GET YOUR
HANDS
OUTTA THERE "



"HEY! KNOCK IT
OFF, ASSHOLE!"

"WHAT?"

"I GOTTA PEE, TOO.
MOVE IT OVER."

"BUT YOU AIN'T
GOT A . . ."



"... LET'S SEE WHAT YOU
CAN DO WITH IT."

"WHAT KIND OF PLACE
IS THIS? WHERE ARE
THE GIRLS?!"

"THERE AREN'T
ANY GIRLS.
GET BUSY."

GIMME A KISS
FIRST, BEFORE I
DO THOSE NASTY... "

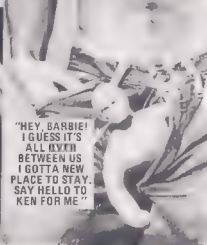


"NOW, YOU GET
BACK TO BUSINESS,
LICK THEM BALLS!"

MGUWPH!
SLUR R-R-P!"

"HEY, THAT WAS GREAT.
WE'RE GONNA BE
GOOD BUDDIES."

"PLEASE, SIR
BE GENTLE."

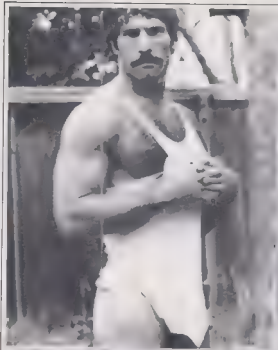


"HEY, BARBIE!
I GUESS IT'S
ALL OVER
BETWEEN US
I GOTTA NEW
PLACE TO STAY.
SAY HELLO TO
KEN FOR ME."

EROTIC DOTS



Warning: when completed, this will be a sexually explicit drawing. If you will be offended by the content, do *not* connect the dots!



The
Target
Type



MASCULINE VIRILE MACHO you've heard all the words before. Now Target brings them to life for you in a spectacular collection of movies, photos slides, magazines and drawings in a very personal way that no one else does. The Target Touch. No one can explain it to you. You've got to experience it for yourself. **TARGETPAK** An elegant folio including current brochures, samples and information on how to get on our confidential mailing list. Sent first class mail \$3.50

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Target



On this page, Left Paul Barresi models a Leather and Chrome harness from the Leather Emporium. Above, right Cowhide vest in black, brown or dark brown from the Trading Post in San Francisco.

Next, Sleeve ensemble of studding, cockring and matching collar from The Celar Canadian Motorcycle cap in leather from The Leather Game and Neugehyde bedcover from the Leather Emporium. Bottom right, Paul Barresi in Chaps of matched hide from The Pleasure Chest. Cap is also from The Pleasure Chest. Bike by Harley Davidson.



Not real leather, but a wet-look black nylon tank top (above) and a tie-front bikini bottom (below) made from the same material, both from The Leather Emporium.

HOT WEATHER LEATHER



Cire, or wet-look nylon is becoming very popular, since it is cool, has a leather look and can get good and wet without harm. The examples pictured here and on the following page are from Mr. S. In London, The Leather Emporium and That Look from California.

Vest and snap pouch that drops in black leather from The Pleasure Chest (left).

Leather shorts with a wide pouch front that removes in a snap (5 of 'em) from Leather Emporium on Polk Street in San Francisco (above, right).



Wet-look nylon trunks with leather snap pouch from The Leather Emporium (right).

Tank top swimwear or training suit in black wet-look nylon from The Leather Emporium. See following page for rear view.

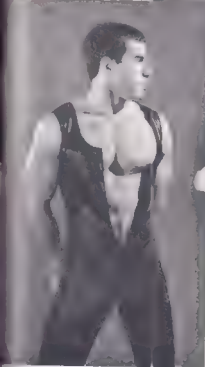




**HOT WEATHER
LEATHER!**



Jump suit below is from London's Mr. S



The Drummer T shirt is silver on black cotton from you-know-where.

Male Hide LEATHERS, inc



Photo by Metecue

THE BOLD MEN by MALE HIDES' artist BOUCHARD

100% cotton T shirts — sizes
S — M — L — XL



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- 2751 — Hard Hat
- 2752 — Biker
- 2753 — Cowboy



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From the Boot Rock

This begins a new column for an open-minded magazine, *Drummer*, a column of articles, letters, and vignettes that should be of major interest to the "bootist" whose whole sexual life revolves about the love of boots with leather attire or levis. But primarily his love is directed to the heavy booted feet of the male figure.

What is a boot fetish, and why?

The answers are not always so simple and to try to categorize them becomes complex, and the truth difficult to define. There are those always ready with the glib answer who think they know, but to really get down to cases and figure the whole scene out becomes so utterly confusing it blows your mind. So much so that instead of enjoying the sheer sexual thrill of caressing a heavy lace-up work boot in your crotch, you stop and ask yourself why? Why are you doing this? Then suddenly the magic disappears, and the thrill is gone.

So, why try to figure it out? Maybe later on you can when the adrenalin and the heart-beats stop pumping so hard. The perspiration starts to dry, as does that heavy load of cum that you shot so lovingly over that masculine boot. Then you remove it by towel or tongue, if it is desired, and the original polished sheen or oiled finish restored. I have seen boots with so many layers of dried cum on them they resembled the wax drippings of candles. Anyway, you lean back, light up another cigarette and ask yourself "Where and why did it all start?" Again, there is a tremendous variety of answers, and the following are examples from a few of the members of our B.A.S. (Boot Appreciation Society).

"As a child I can remember riding up and down on the booted foot and leg of my father or one of my uncles. The friction of the booted foot against my crotch was exciting even then. This applied to shoes as well."

"My father was in service and his spit-shined shoes and boots were always in my vision. He was constantly shining them, and the odor of shoe polish permeated the air. When he was away I would take his shoes, caress and kiss them, and try them on."

"My older brothers always picked on me. They were highway and construction workers and always had me made me, unlace their dirty boots and pull them off, getting mud on my clean clothes, smelling the sweaty odors of their dirty socks."

"I'm not too proud to say I was a shoe-shine boy in a big city. All day long I would see the older boys and men passing by me in their shoes and boots. Though I knew it meant money to me, each time one of them would stop and put his dingy shoe or boot on my shoe box, I wanted to bend down and kiss each one. Knowing only that it was

pleasurable, I would get my face as close as possible to each shoe, and they would get a spit-shine whether they wanted one or not. Sometimes I even felt guilty about being paid, for I felt the pleasure had all been mine. The sight, smell, and taste of polish-stained fingers and lips has stayed with me all my life."

"When I was little, some workers my father hired for our dude ranch got drunk one night and roughed me up in their horse play. Things got a little wild, and they brutally rubbed my face in their greasy chaps and boots, chipping two of my teeth with their spurs in consequence. I pushed one of them in the horse trough, and he spanked the hell out of me with his wet chaps. The other one laughed so hard he pissed in his pants, then had me go down on his horse-shit stinking boots and lick off the drops of piss. Is it any wonder I get an erection from the sight of well-used chaps and boots? But not the spurs. They only bring back memories of painful dental work. And I never told my folks what really happened, the masochistic pleasure was so great."

"When I was in my early teens I got a summer job in a men's shoe store. All day long I sat or knelt before men or boys in clean or dirty socks, helping them take off their old shoes or boots, and put on new leather smelling ones. It seemed that I would go home every night with wet shorts. Sometimes when I was exceptionally hot, and the customer real groovy, I would take his footwear back to the stockroom. There hidden from my co-workers, I would put that used playing thing up to my face, inhale the aroma, and quickly masturbate. I was fast in those days when I was young. Unfortunately though, I soon had to change jobs because my health couldn't take it. Walking into a shoe store now still brings back a flood of memories of my apprenticeship."

Out of the hundreds of letters the B.A.S. has received, and from *Drummer's* past article about us, we have gotten a stream of reminiscences from boot and shoe fetishists about when they were young.

As I've always maintained, boot love does begin in early childhood. You're young and impressionable. Guys who tell me they're not into the boot scene yet, but think they might be interested are generally lying in their teeth for some ulterior purpose, or are still afraid of a long suppressed sexual hunger. The desire has always been there, but they were too shy when the opportunities presented themselves, or they were fighting it. Just refusing to face facts, does not exorcise these feelings, and one or more of the five senses may well trigger them off.

I guess then, my advice would be to be tolerant, not only of yourself, but of boot-lickers everywhere. We are a minority within a minority, along with the

rubber group, the spanking group and whatever else turns you on. You don't build yourself up by tearing down or ridiculing somebody else's feelings. Enjoy, enjoy, and try this one on for size

THE ASPHALT SPREADERS

I was assigned to his truck that day. I was one of the asphalt spreaders, and was working on the Pacific Coast Highway. His job was bringing in the asphalt, tipping the rear end of the truck, and letting it fall slowly. My job was the shovel man, I guided the strong, hot, black, tarry rocks and spread them out into a nice flat bed as far as they would go. The roller came along next to finish the job.

We worked with old men with beer bellies, college drop-outs, tall guys, short guys, blacks, and whites, and if there was a faggot among us we never knew it, for he would have been either beaten up, gang-fucked, or both, losing his job besides. No way, baby, you kept your nose clean, as clean as your black asphalt-spattered hide would let you, until the day's end, and what you did at night you kept to yourself. You guzzled beer, tried to finger the beer bar waitress, and used four letter words to color your dialogue. Married, divorced, you were maybe one step ahead of the alw or a summons.

I didn't like his truck, and I didn't like him, but that was only at the beginning. After that first night I would gladly have licked the dirty wheels of his truck if he had asked me to.

Black haired, he wore a short black beard, smelled of sweat and I had never seen him before. The only thing wrong with him that I could see were his boots. They were too new... well, not too new. They were tall, black, lace to the toe kind, and though he must have worn them for at least a week or two they looked as if he got in and out of his truck by way of a carpet spread across the asphalt.

Yes, I must admit those boots fascinated me, or maybe it was jealousy, I don't know. My yellow work shoes were always dirtied with tar, old, and worn. I was clean underneath my laundered uniform, my hair blond and crew cut. I felt his black eyes watching me and I couldn't figure out why. Maybe he suspected me of being a fag, or maybe he was on himself? Older than I, I didn't give a damn about what he did in bed at night, and his only responses to my remarks were mumbles. I could care less, I was straight, I fucked girls.

But that day brought an abrupt change in my life style. Call it fate, whatever, I have never been the same since.

Lunch break was over and we were standing about, smelling the salt air of the sea, gulping in lungs full to eradicate the acrid stench of tar. The highway

traffic was resuming its frenzied flight past us, the curious gawking at us, while others threw curses at us for detaining them in their flight.

One car drove slowly past, a grey-haired man in glasses at the wheel, a blond-headed man in sunglasses cruising us.

"Hey, look at those two! I'd sure like to fuck them."

I heard Blacky's voice above and behind me, and I assumed he was sitting in the seat of his truck looking out. I also assumed he meant the two guys in the brown cougar, but he was looking at a station wagon with two blond chicks instead. I looked at the highway, but they had driven by.

I also didn't look back at Blacky again, I didn't have to. I felt his presence too strongly behind me, and there was also the rich, animal of his boot leather.

Blacky was seated in the truck seat with the door thrown wide open, facing the outdoors, and smoking a cigarette. I was standing by the open door of the truck, a wide shroud between my legs, with my hands around the handle, leaning against it and resting. But I found I could rest no longer, my legs seemed rooted in their position, my heart increasing its action. Wild horses couldn't have dragged me from the spot, much less the road foreman.

"Look at those two little cunts in that convertible, all suntanned, hot, and ready. Bet you'd like to fuck them, wouldn't ya?" He emphasized the remark with the pressure of his large black boot on my shoulder.

The touch of his foot was electrifying, and though I could have easily shrugged my shoulder and moved off, I didn't want to. Nor could I force myself to turn my head to look at the toe of his boot, though my eyes almost strained themselves out of their sockets to see it. He moved his foot forward till the full weight of it rested on my shoulder. I could now feel the heat of his foot against my neck and jaw line, and the toe gently nudged the lobe of my ear. My cock stiffened and throbbed in my work pants. I couldn't have cared less if the traffic or other workmen saw me. I could turn now and kiss that boot as I felt I must. Strangely I still resisted. And strangely my gravelly voice answered his question.

"Yeah," I answered dryly, "yeah, I could fuck them."

He blew smoke at the back of my head, then flipped the burning butt down onto the ground in front of me. "I reckon you could Sport, but I don't think you really want to." He pressed harder with his foot, shoving the boot forward, dirtying my shirt. Now the boot was totally in my face, the heel pressed deeply, my vision completely blocked by oiled black leather, brass eyelets, and lacing.

"The name's not Sport, it's Cliff," I croaked out.

"Oh," he said, his black eyes boring into me, his foot never moving. "Just like those sea cliffs behind us, huh? Well, Cliff, my name's Blacky."

"Black as the leather of that boot you've got resting on me, huh," I blurted out.

"Could be," he chuckled through smoky breath. "That's the secret of my truck driving success. Good, strong, heavy, thick-soled work boots, not those soft, yellow-bellies you've got on your feet."

He insulted me.

And I let him.

I also let him stretch his leg out and rub his boot all over my face. And I couldn't help myself either. My lips parted, my tongue came out, and left a wet trail across his boot. Simultaneously a drop of fluid oozed out of my cock wetting my leg.

"Shit, here comes the foreman. Back to work, but be back here in my truck at five."

It wasn't a request... it was an order! And I obeyed.

That evening we wound up in a motel with two six-packs, some girly magazines, and both of us slightly drunk. I called home, as not to worry my parents. Blacky called his wife to tell her he wasn't coming home that night because the road foreman had sent us out on a job too far away for us to make it back, and we would go directly to work the next morning.

In the motel room we each lay on our own separate bed, beer on the night table, leafing through the magazines. I didn't know what I was looking at. Blacky's booted feet had fascinated me the whole evening, and still held their fatal fascination for me, as I gazed at them over the magazine pages. He knew. How could he not have known? And I knew too.

But those were childhood games we played, and I had buried them long ago with my childhood memories... or so I had thought. Still when I fucked some chick it never failed, a booted foot would force its way into my sexual fantasy just before that moment of shooting. I hoped to hell I never said anything, and they never said I did.

Blacky's boots were different though, as if they were living objects with minds of their own. They fascinated me, they mastered me.

I took off my watch and wound it. It was late, and I was tired from the long work day. Also, I was really shook up.

Placing my watch on the night stand and reaching for my beer, the magazines fell from my bed and onto the carpet between our beds. I hauled ass out of bed and knelt down on the floor to pick them up.

"Leave 'em there," was Blacky's remark, sharp, not at all like my boozey mumbblings.

"Why? What if I don't want to?"

A booted foot shot out and pinned the magazines to the floor. Another boot slammed me to the floor.

"I don't think Cliff hears so well."

I lay there, a boot under me, the other pushing down on my neck.

"You like those boots, don't you?"

I was ashamed... but, I nodded.

"You look real good there under my boots, there on the floor in your shorts," He swigged down some beer. "My asphalt spreader with his dirty yellow work shoes and white socks. Yeah, I can still see some asphalt clinging to those rubber

soles." Down went more beer. "Now why don't you try loving the hell out of a real man's boots? Go on, now. They need to feel the pressure of your tongue and fingers. Cover them with your kisses."

My cock throbbed, and I knew that release was imminent. All I had to do was rub it on the floor a few times, but my hands were occupied with my master's boots, with Blacky's boots. Suddenly I cherished them, they became very dear to me, and my tongue sought out the eyelets. I licked and cleaned the stitching, glided over the oily black leather, tasting the rich, warm, hide taste. Even the soles I rubbed over my face, neck, muscular shoulders, and arms.

He was standing over me now, I could feel him jacking himself off, and I was at the brink of coming. "Blacky, Blacky, God, you're boots are beautiful, so manly, like the man who wears them."

I crushed them to me as my cock shot load after load of my cum onto the motel carpeting. Then, like warm rain from heaven, Blacky's cum splashed down on me and his boots, and it ran into my hair, trickled down my shoulders, and I groveled in it. I wanted to taste its warm moisture, but still not ready for it. I had not yet gone this route, and I was afraid. I had only fucked girls, and now a carpet, or was it Blacky's boots? Strong were the odors of sweat, leather, and cum, and though I lay in a puddle of my own cum and split beer, I lay in bliss.

Blacky had fallen back on the bed, a grin from ear to ear. "Pull my boots off, Sport. Will ya, so I can take a shower?"

This time it was no command. He begged.

I hesitated. "The name's Cliff, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah, I remember." He raised one leg out to me and offered his booted foot. Should I bother? Why should I? It was just as spent as he was, and had shot my wad. But I took the damp boot as if it were a gift from the gods, and pressed my chest into the sole of it. On my knees I bowed to his boots, my fingers tremblingly, slowly caressing the laces where his cum was already soaking in. Slowly I pulled the laces out of their eyelets, unloosening the boot tongue, and setting free the male foot odor. Almost reverently I pulled that boot from his dirty stocking foot, as new blood pumped its way into my once more throbbing cock. His dingy white socks were sweat-stained, with a hole for one toe to escape, and a rip in the heel.

No hands were needed now. This was Blacky's cock, imprisoned by Blacky's dark, mysterious boot. Strong was the odor, but stronger was the desire, and I raised that foot, gripped his cock tenderly, and pulled it away with my teeth. I held it for an instant, then let it go.

My bearded master on the bed observed me through slitted eyes. He noted everything, even my slide I made.

His bare foot fell into my lap where it searched out my stiffening cock, and rubbed it. It was then as I slowly unlaced his other boot, using the very same process with the other sock, I got a queasy feeling in my stomach. My face took on a

love-sick expression and I baptized his bare foot with another load of cum I didn't know I had. Then I fell at his feet exhausted, regardless of the scent of sweaty socks, leather boots, and cum.

"Shower time, my little asphalt spreader."

He towered over me, then reached down and picked me up in his arms. "You should be justly rewarded for that performance." He held his bearded mouth down on mine. Then, laughing, we held each other up as we went to the shower. "What was your name again?"

He was snoring in bed next to me, but before he went to sleep, he knotted together the laces of his boots and hung them around my neck. All night I had to sleep with them, and as I caressed them there in the darkness, and smelled his foot smell coming from them, I wondered about all the places these boots had been, stamping on the brakes of trucks, standing tall before urinals, or laying on their sides on some rich carpeting besides his wife's fluffy night slippers. I chewed lightly on the rawhide laces before blotting the scene from my mind and falling into a deep loving sleep. "Boot-dog," he mumbled in his sleep, and I woke up, heard it, and smiled.

For weeks we worked together, the trucker and the asphalt spreader. After work we made the rounds of beer bars along with the four thirty crowd, and listened to country western music. Semis, caterpillars, trucks, diesel smoke, asphalt stink, boot polish were all muddled up in our minds, and dreams, and actions. I took money from my savings so I could buy a pair of boots like his. He never got to see me wear them.

He was killed the very next morning. As the asphalt was being loaded into his truck the brakes gave way, and his truck ran him down. He was dead before the news reached me at the other end of the highway.

The last thing I remember saying to him was, "Blacky, what happens when the road is through?"

"I guess we're through too, Sport."

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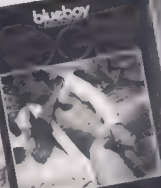
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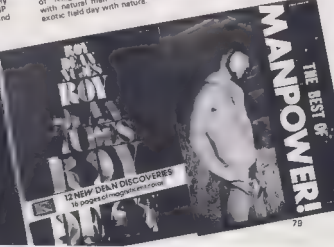


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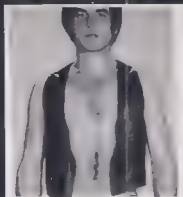
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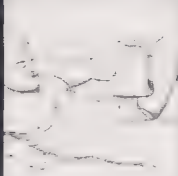
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SOURCES

Los Angeles

As with many other innovations in the nation's social life, Los Angeles gave birth to the Motorcycle Club. The original one was founded well over twenty years ago. Presently, Los Angeles also probably has the most bike clubs, whose members do and do not necessarily own a motorcycle or even ride one. But the idea of the camaraderie of a social organization made up of men with such like interests first took root in the City of Angels.

However, in the past dozen years other areas have seen fit to follow in those footsteps to a point that Los Angeles has ceased to be a leader in this field and now is somewhat of a follower. The largest runs are presently held in other parts of the country, but even more important, the more aggressive innovative leadership is also coming from elsewhere.

Perhaps it was the social and political climate of the period in which the L.A. clubs were formed. Everyone was in the closet and few would admit to preferring men to women, let alone own up to running around on weekends in leather and on a Harley! This is quite understandable. But the median age of members in most of the L.A. clubs is on the sunny side of forty. And when we came out (and I sometimes wonder if we ever really did), one just didn't go around with bumper stickers, T-shirts or placards indicating one's standing.

Several years ago, at one memorable "Blessing of the Bikes" (do they still do it?) the old Advocate enterprisingly took photographs and actually ran one. Even one who was anyone was called upon to beseech the editor to kill the picture. Alas, the L.A. bike clubs haven't been that excited over what was happening outside their sphere since. Only the newer organizations such as The Leathermen, The Pioneers, Kingmasters and Hawks will let their names be mentioned in any published publicity. None will be involved in community projects or officially support community efforts — other than MotoCross, an inner organizational effort which lends funds to uninsured bikers involved in accidents.

San Francisco on the other hand, as in most things, is quite open, if a bit cliquish. The CMC Carnival in November of each year attracts over 4000 men. The Northern city is more open, less inhibited, and that general attitude prevails. The semi-official bars for the clubs of the area are the Ramrod and Fee-Bees, both of Folsom Street. In Los Angeles it is Griff's. One similarity is that all three bars boycott Gay publications, both in sales and advertising, seeming to tie in with the entire community as little as possible.

It is interesting to note that after last year's infamous Mark IV bust, the L.A. P.D. had determined that the Leather/

Motorcycle set could be picked off in an effort to divide the Gay Community. While there was no officially sanctioned effort by the Bike Club community (in spite of several of their members being involved that night), the entire Community rose behind the Leather crowd, raising somewhere between \$20,000 and \$30,000 for their defense.

However, the Leather movement as well as the Gay movement can be grateful to these early clubs for introducing the idea of men of like interests banding together in a spirit of fellowship and the sharing of outdoor adventure together. If the elaborate uniforms remind one of the Knights of Columbus or the Shriners, why not? There is a universal need to share the good life with one's fellows. If motorcycles and masculinity are your bag, why do it all by yourself. Bike Clubs from all over the country owe much to the Los Angeles concept of comradeship.

(Ed. You may note an absence of names of clubs in this reporting. We have deleted any and all specific names of the clubs involved, having no desire to publish the name of anyone or any organization that does not wish it published.)

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In your magazine number 14, your article on Thebansun 77, showed our Vice President. This was a source of great pride to Mickey Garber until the day he died. Mickey knew people from clubs all over the country, and our club wishes to contact those that do not know of his death, and thank those who called. Mickey would be more honored to have a memorial in DRUMMER, than any other paper or magazine, please print the following

On Friday Morning, June 24, 1977, Mickey Garber, Vice President of the Iron Guard B. C. died in a motorcycle accident.

In his death, on Gay Pride Weekend, Mickey leaves us with a true legacy of pride and love. Mickey was proud to be a brother, not only of the Iron Guard, but of all clubs. He truly believed that friendship, trust and most importantly understanding, unite us all in gay brotherhood.

Iron Guard thanks the hundreds of people who expressed their sympathies. Within a short period of time, Iron Guard will announce the date of a memorial service for Mickey. We hope that you will join us in Brotherhood at that time.

Iron Guard Brotherhood Club

We're grateful to John Wertman of The Interchange in Detroit for advising us of Mobie Man Van Club. He relates that the organization's purpose is much the same as a bike club. Planning and executing one run a month, their last run included the Roadmasters of Toledo (Ohio) and terminated at the Rustler Saloon in Toledo. August 26-28 will see the Selectmen's second run, which will be a completely private all-outdoor run held at a rural location north of Detroit. Bike events will be highlighted and the van club will participate. The event is titled "Travelin' Man II" and information is available from John Wertman, The Interchange, 1501 Holden, Detroit, MI 48208, (313) 875-8092.

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Also what are the procedures for selling DRUMMER in the bar itself?

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T.A

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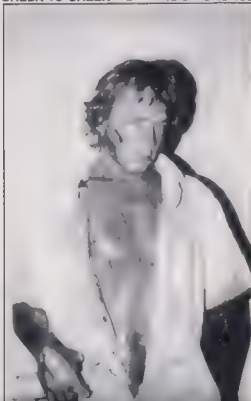
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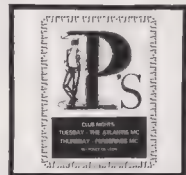


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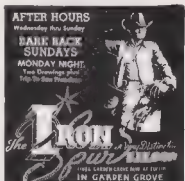
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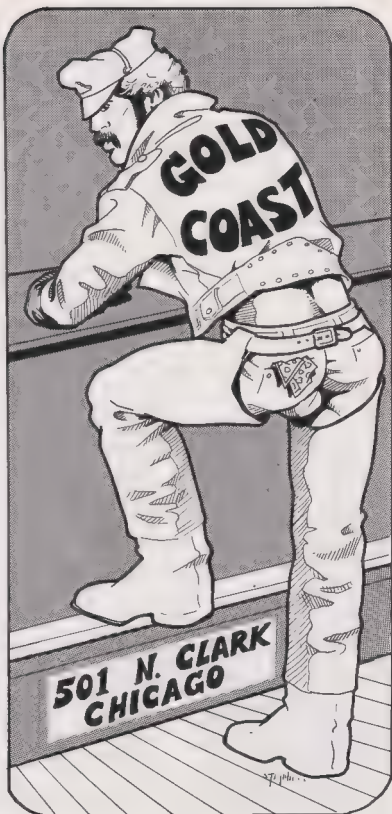


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SPECIAL REPORT:
JOHN RECHY
REVISITED

As I happened to be living abroad in 1963, I was not immediately privy to the astonished furor created stateside upon Grove Press's publication of John Rechy's convention-shattering *City of Night*. Its impact reached me secondhand, by degrees, first through letters from friends; then in continental magazines aimed at expatriates like me, and finally when copies of the book appeared in left bank bookstalls.

In retrospect, I feel fortunate to have been introduced to Rechy in this leisurely fashion, as I believe it has afforded me the "opportunity" of evaluating his oeuvre uninfluenced by the devastating effect either of its once-scandalous subject matter or the distracting persona of its creator. But that knock of opportunity, as always, was on the door of danger — a circumstance, significantly, not unfamiliar to author/hustler Rechy himself. For, to John Rechy, hazard has ever been the holiest of assholes, symbolic symptom of his lifelong love/hate affair with death. Three years ago, proclaiming that the concept of suicide "has mounded my life," he self-consciously announced his conception "of things going on and on until I don't want them to anymore. Then, they can be stopped. Finally, that's the only freedom you have . . . the freedom to die."

The direct act of suicide being, however, more farcical than tragic — one precludes all possibilities of observing its desired denouement — the Dark Angel is accordingly courted in a variety of indirect ways: smoking cigarettes, leaving seatbelts unfastened, jaywalking, abusing drugs, or, as in Rechy's case, continuing to hustle. These are all essentially abrogations of self-responsibility, flirting with the fatefully fatal vagaries of outside forces.

Periodic forays into L.A.'s familiar hustler hangouts, fraught with threats of the violent unknown, are well-publicized elements of the Rechy lifestyle, a successful hustle being vital to the confirmation of this existence. Rechy defines himself in terms of physical desirability ("I rely on appearance"), and rejection is a form of dying to which he compulsively exposes himself. To be ignored is to be in a state of nonbeing (Lawrence of Arabia, with whom John Rechy shares more than just a few superficial traits, also had an overwhelming need to flaunt anonymity — Rechy insistently keeps his Los Angeles telephone number listed, albeit sans address).

Rechy also ("deliberately") adopts the trappings of latent violence, believing — validly — that "a lot of people are attracted to it, and the narcissism in me loves the adoration and adulating and submission." Consequently, he costumes himself in dark, tight shirts, blue jeans and boots, "seeming to radiate the sinister aura of a street hoodlum." (The di-

chotomy between this aspect of his personality and a narrow-minded bias against S and M — "the most negative aspect within the gay world" — has not, apparently occurred to the man who also asserts "I believe in total freedom.") His relentless refusal to reveal his real age is another aspect of the total impersonation. Most significant in this respect is his conjoining of two separate words into the single "youngman," as if the meaning of each were somehow diminished when used individually.

The underlying philosophy to the above would therefore seem to be the strangely dated (1950) motto of Nick Romano in Willard Motley's *Knock on Any Door*: "Live fast, die young, and have a good-looking corpse." As Rechy is now closer to 40 than 30, the realization of this goal, at least as he comprehends it, is hardly a viable possibility in 1977.

From the time he started writing seriously, Rechy has only produced a full-length work approximately every four years. *City of Night* was begun in 1959 and *The Sexual Outlaw* just now published, with *Numbers*, *This Day's Death*, *The Vampire*, and *The Fourth Angel* interspersed between the two. With the exception of *The Sexual Outlaw* (pretentiously subtitled "A Non-Fiction Account, with Commentaries, of Three Days and Nights in the Sexual Underground"), all are designated "novels."

It is commonplace to ascribe autobiographical elements to works of fiction, especially those first novel writers, as was *City of Night*, in the first person. But John Rechy is on record as literally (if not literally) having "dredged up" his own feelings, that *City of Night* began as a letter . . . telling . . . my experiences during Mardi Gras. *Numbers* . . . after I . . . spent every day in Griffith Park counting sexual encounters. *This Day's Death* . . . after I was busted." Such facts can only add to the perils a critic faces when attempting to view Rechy's output solely on internal merits, and why I feel my introduction to it particularly felicitous.

What, then, as literature has Rechy wrought? On the positive side, he has unveiled to a broad segment of society a slice of American life formerly in the cognizance of only a comparative few. As such, he may well have played a seminal role in the ensuing Gay Liberation movement, a role which has largely gone unrecognized. (Ten years after the appearance of *City of Night* he modestly declared about the movement, "I am for it. It has done so much good, it's already helped overcome some of the straight world's prejudices," with nary a mention of his own substantial contribution.)

However, aside from these predictable disposed to react positively (Christopher Isherwood, James Baldwin, Herbert Gold), thoughtful critics incline to be something less than kind when it has come to objective analysis of the Rechy literary talent. After conceding, for example, "there can be little doubt that *City of Night* should have been published" the most positive elements that *New York Times* critic Peter Bultenhaus could find were its "ring of candor and truth" — comments more appropriate to

subject matter than to style. (A full decade later, Rechy, still, rankling, recalled critical reaction as "a horror," taking a cheap shot at one critic as a "closet queen" and "tacky old man," the ultimate epithets of a writer who is an up-front gay haunted by the spectre of aging.)

It could be convincingly argues that Rechy said it all in his first novel, the others being but muffled echoes, thematically bankrupt (emptiness, aging, narcissism, death) and peopled with characters as thin as the fleeting shadows that slip in and out of the alleys, street corners and bushes or whose comings and goings, the most congenial of worlds. Situations tend to become as annoyingly repetitive as is the act of servicing a baleful hustler ("I don't do anything") itself. One searches the pages of his books largely in vain for glimmers of hope, touches of warmth, moments of humanity. Whereas Proust sifted his experiences through an artistic sensibility, Rechy has spurted his through a couple of hyperactive balls.

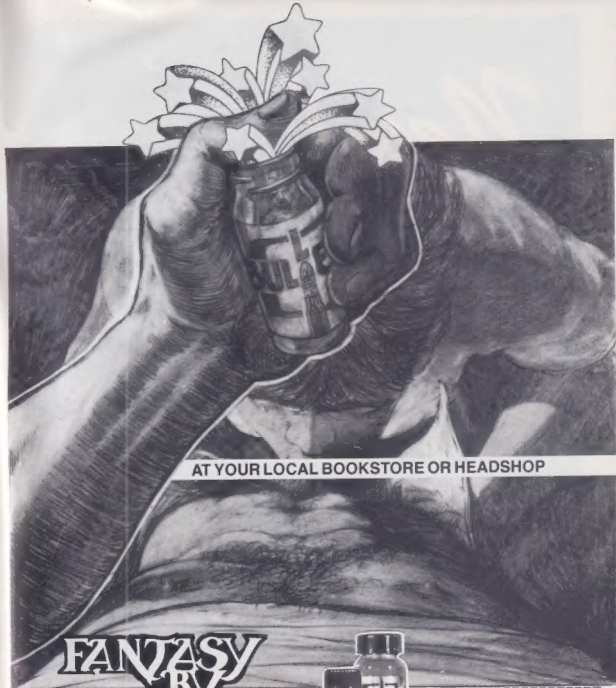
In one breath he claims to be a "very careful" writer rewriting "up to twelve different times," yet in the next breath crows that *Numbers* ("a book I feel very close to") was written "in exactly three months." And this, the most transparently autobiographical of his fictions (read "Johnny Rechy" for "Johnny Rio"), is the most comically constructed, despite his own belligerent claims to the contrary. Finally, the slip-and-paste structure of *The Sexual Outlaw* demonstrates almost utter contempt for the discipline of basic craftsmanship.

But a curious resistance to discipline is Rechy's unacknowledged Achilles heel. Its evidence are the aborted screenplays (*Numbers*, primarily), and stretches between actual accomplishments, unrealized projects (*Autobiography*, a *Novel*, for example, or the "biography" of Andy Warhol, with Gerard Melanga, grandiosely entitled *Narcissism Madness Suicide: The Andy Warhol World as Experienced by Gerard Melanga and Re-Created through John Rechy*), and the inability to abandon the ego-feeding — and time-consuming — life of a street hustler.

The proper study of man, after all, is mankind, not just one of its more unconventional representatives.

Ed Franklin
Editor, Arts and Entertainment

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